The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 163. WEEK ENDING DEC. 16TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

French, German, or Spanish by Post for a Penny a Day.

For more than 30 years Mr. HUGO and his Staff have been teaching Languages and studying the difficulties of many thousands of pupils. His new Self-Tuition Course is the result of daily experiment to one end—to make Languages easy of acquirement, to teach ONLY WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL, and to teach that thoroughly. This Course gives a practical mastery of the important part of the language in an incredibly short time.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEAK

FRENCH, GERMAN, or SPANISH?

IT IS SO EASY IF YOU TAKE

HUGO'S 1911 SELF-TUITION COURSE BY POST.

2s. 6d. *MONTHLY FOR ONE YEAR*

Is not an expensive way of acquiring a foreign language.

For this 30/- (Ten per cent. discount for cash) **you at present get:**

1. Fifty Self-Tuition Lessons, sent post free to any address in the world, in weekly booklets of 16 pages each.
2. A collection of copyright practice-tables.
3. Six class lessons of one hour each, or six private lessons of twenty minutes each, orally or by post.
4. A set of Hugo's unequalled Text-Books—value of French Books, 15s.; of the German or Spanish, 10s. This set, which comprises Hugo's well-known Commercial Correspondents, Readers, Composition and Idiom Books, etc., etc., is supplied in ADDITION to the fifty booklets.

THIS COURSE IS A NOVEL, INTERESTING, AND SIMPLE METHOD.
NO LEARNING BY HEART REQUIRED. FLUENCY IS INSENSIBLY AND QUICKLY ACQUIRED FROM THE PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION GIVEN.

HUGO'S COPYRIGHT PRACTICE TABLES and BOOKLETS enable Students to begin to SPEAK and WRITE FRENCH, GERMAN, or SPANISH in simple language from the very first lesson.

Write for full Prospectus. Specimen Lesson free to all mentioning THE MODERN MAN when inquiring.

LESSONS IN FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN, &c.

SPECIAL DAY CLASSES, 6s. 6d. Monthly. EVENING CLASSES, 4s. Monthly.

PRIVATE LESSONS from 3s. per Hour.

Books Included. *Native Teachers.* *Coaching for Naval and Military Examinations.*

HUGO'S LANGUAGE INSTITUTE. (Established 1875.)

33, GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.; 64-66, OXFORD STREET, W.; 205, EARL'S COURT ROAD, S.W.
Address for Self-Tuition inquiries: 33, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Cut here

RECOMMENDATION FORM.

I have recommended The Modern Man to my friend whose name I have written in below, and who has purchased this copy.

Your Friend's Name .....

Your Own Name .....

Send all the forms you have collected so as to reach us not later than the first post, Monday next, December 18. See instructions on page 408.

Dec. 16, 1911.

Cut here

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, The Modern Man, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Another McKinley bargain! The new "Derby" mackintosh for winter wear. Made from special heavy-weight waterproof coating of excellent quality, and cut in latest style. Well worth 25s. Our price, 18s. 6d., carriage paid. Ready for service, in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned if you are not satisfied.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Overcoat, grey frieze, D.B., 39in. breast, cost £5 5s., take 35s., worn once; bargain.—Yam, c/o 54, Prudential Buildings, Brighton.

For evening dress suits see McKinley's advertisement, page 415.

Clean your suits at home!!! Send 1s. for tin of Strong's "Reno," sufficient to renovate several suits, almost equal to new. Removes all dirt and grease marks like magic.—Strong, 4, Victor Street, Lr. Broughton, Manchester.

Semi-riding breeches, cost 32s. 6d. (new), 10s. Four-guinea frock overcoat, 14s. Dark suit, 12s.—Hollyhocks, Westholm, Letchworth.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early.—Vandy, 193, Regent Street (Dept. M.M.), London.

Gentlemen requiring genuine racing information, from one stable only, on mutual terms (pay after result), write Box 4556, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Free, absolutely Free, pair dumb-bells and wonderful forearm developer, as used by Hackenschmidt. Send P.C. for full particulars.—T. E. Black, Physical Culture Expert, Osmaston Road, Leicester.

If you wish to increase your height, do not fail to write at once for free particulars of the wonderful "Vertebra" method. Under this unique system results are certain. It costs you nothing. Delays are dangerous, therefore send to-day.—H. Futty, 69, Chiltern Street, Hull.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

A better position is waiting for you. Let us tell you about it. Advice and prospectus free.—British Correspondence College, 18, Progress House, City Road, London, E.C.

For high-grade positions. see Hapgood's advertisement, page 410.

EDUCATIONAL.

Wanted, Nos. 1-40 "Modern Man," 7s. 6d.—R. W. Greene, 6, Albany Street, Hull.

MEDICAL, &c.

A Day will Ease—7 days will cure. The very worst cases yield instantly to the "Pile cure that really cures." Then why suffer? when 1s. 1½d. will bring a whole box post free in plain wrapper. Sample, penny stamp. Cure yourself to-day.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Red noses cured, cost trifling, absolutely best recipe and advice. P.O. 1s.—A. Cameron, 391, St. John Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Recipes. Bald spots, certain cure, 5s.; hair falling, 1s.; scurf cure, 1s.; antiseptic tooth powder, 1s.; moustache forcer, 1s.—Tonsorial, 4, Penllyn Road, Cardiff.

Why pay fancy prices for patent medicines? I will send you the prescription of a specialist for indigestion or any derangement of the digestive organs for 12 penny stamps.—Box 4600, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Genuine recipe for falling hair, corns, colds, freckles, &c., 6d. each.—Valet, 5, Nelson Place East, Bath.

Wonderful results. Special to "Modern Man" readers. Good reliable hair tonic. Recipe, P.O., 1s.—Apply Box 4611, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Xmas Gifts. 5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor, with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

3 only, a rare chance, unique Xmas gift, 21s. safety razor, with seven blades, heavily nickelled, in leatherette case, lined silk; bargain, 4s. 1d. each, post free; approval willingly.—Box 4594, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A fountain pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" fountain pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish. Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Safety razor blades re-ground, equal to new, 1d. each. Gillette, Clemak, Auto Strop, Ever Ready, &c. Perfect results guaranteed, or money cheerfully returned.—The Wafer Blade Co., 36, Denesido Terrace, Bradford, Yorks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Old and inexpensive recipe for cleaning and removing stains from almost anything. Recipes 6d. each.—Valet, 5, Nelson Place East, Bath.

Screaming comic postcards, "Not in these trousers," &c.; 25, 9d.; 50, 1s. 2d.; coloured, glazed.—Hughes, Publisher, Shrewsbury.

Hypnotism. For four years I toured this country as a professional hypnotist. Send for my practical treatise and you can hypnotise your friends after half-hour's study. Develop your will-power as you develop your body. Don't procrastinate. Send P.O. 1s. to-day.—Prof. Percival, 2, Kennet Side, Reading.

Astrology. When you are tired of experimenting with mysterious advertisers who fail to give you satisfaction, send birth-date and 1s. P.O. for a real astrological reading, and two years' useful advice to Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Philog, Cardiff.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address. Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

25S.—Gent.'s £5 5s. Double-breasted Winter Overcoat, 40in. breast, superior quality heavy dark grey frieze, with Tweed lining, deep turned-down collar and strap cuffs, made for motorist by West-End tailor, never worn, great bargain, 25s. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s Fashionable £4 15s. Tailor-made Dark brown Tweed Suit, by Stroud, high-class tailor; latest West-End cut and finish; splendid quality; breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Never worn. Approval.

25S.—Very Fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, anno 1712, rich mellow tone, with Dodd model Bow and black ebonised Case, suit professional or soloist; sacrifice, 25s.; worth £10; approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ Tone Melodeon; magnificent 63s. instrument, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.: approval willingly.

29S. 6D.—Magnificent £8 8s. Double Breech-loader Gun, 12-bore, top lever, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire, perfect condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Approval.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

The Modern Man

EDITORIAL OFFICES:—Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Telephone, Gerrard 2979.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street. London, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 8/8; for six months, 4/4; for three months, 2/2. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider contributions, and to pay immediately on acceptance for those which prove suitable. All contributions must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

CHEEK.

When the Suffragettes smashed the window of a teashop recently, was it because they wanted to get at the Lyons' Male?

* * *

A contemporary prints an article entitled "A Word for Germany." I know an eminently suitable one myself—only it is unprintable.

* * *

A good salesman, says Sir Joseph Lyons, can sell horse liniment to a motorist. Some, on the other hand, I am told, are so bad that they couldn't sell a glass of water in Hades.

* * *

IS IT?

The uses of the "ad" we know;
And though to ban the knock-out's rough,
Perhaps this talk about the "blow"
May simply prove to be a "puff."

* * *

Rabid Tories say that that headline, "An Iniquitous Will," *must* have referred to the man Crooks.

* * *

The nearest some "special correspondents" will get to Turkey is the pavement outside the poulterers' shops during the festive season.

* * *

Irresponsible Dramatic Note.—If Olive May, surely Israel Zangwill.

* * *

"The 'Cant' of Cleanliness," referred to in a contemporary, is evidently what the baby says when he is unable to reach the soap.

* * *

"The Amateur Blackleg Again" shrieks a weekly paper. Aha! Another Society lassie gone in for coon-singing, what?

* * *

ORDERS TO CELEBRITIES.—No. 1: To Mr. Wilfrid Blunt —"Look Sharp!"

* * *

Says a writer: "All things come to him who tips." Whom does he get his "cue" from, anyhow?

* * *

A sporting authority tells us that "Jockeys cannot both waste and walk too, for being in Turkish baths continuously makes their feet too sore for tramping about much." This is the origin, I suppose, of the expression riding "hot foot" to the winning-post.

* * *

CRICKET CONUNDRUMS.—No. 1: Why did Pelham Warner? Because he wasn't Hearne.

* * *

A new musical play is called "The Bat." I am sure there will be a ball in connection with it at no distant date; and trust there will be no wicket eventualities.

J. S. Cox.

COD.

With nearly all sea fish, the rule is that they should be cooked as soon as possible after capture, but cod is an exception.

Cod is vastly improved by being kept for from fifteen to twenty-four hours, a point worth remembering should you go in for sea-angling.

Mind you, however, the fish must be thoroughly cleaned before being put away to keep, and the sooner it is cleaned the better.

CROSSED REINS.

Although riding with the reins crossed is not encouraged in certain quarters, it is by far the most sensible way of holding the reins, as every hunting man knows.

When you hold the reins in one hand, the degree to which you can tighten one rein and loose the other is very limited. If you hold a rein in each hand you can let one out and tighten the other to almost an unlimited extent, but the pressure on the horse's mouth is extremely uneven.

When, however, you ride with crossed reins, there is pressure not only between each hand and the horse's mouth, but also between the two hands. This prevents one hand from pulling unsteadily, and consequently the horse goes much better, while the control over your mount is unlimited.

CANADIAN STRIKE LAW.

Canada enjoys almost complete freedom from industrial strikes.

This is due to the fact that, so far as industries of public utility are concerned, e.g., railways and waterworks, it is unlawful in the event of a dispute for an employer to proclaim a lock-out or for the men to go on strike until the dispute has been investigated by a conciliation board.

In Canada it is "Investigate first; strike afterwards if you must." Here it is "Strike first; investigate afterwards."

It is very rarely that a Canadian conciliation board fails to effect a settlement.

It may be added that while a dispute is being investigated all work goes on as usual.

COST OF AN ARMY COMMISSION.

It is impossible to put an exact figure on the cost of obtaining a commission in the Army, because so much depends on the cost of the future officer's preliminary education at school or "crammer's"; but once the budding Kitchener has passed into Woolwich or Sandhurst, his parents will have to shell out for a Woolwich cadet about £350, for a Sandhurst lad about £250. At present the Woolwich course is six months longer than Sandhurst.

On top of this the parents will have to spend from £100 to £150 on their son's outfit when he joins his regiment.

In round figures, and apart from school expenses, it will cost a parent at least £400 to get a son into an ordinary line regiment—that is, a civilian parent, for special concessions are made to the sons of naval or military officers.

REPAIRING BOOKS.

Most men are careful of their books; and a great many, like the writer, simply hate to have them torn or spoiled, even in the slightest degree; and very often, when the binding comes off an old volume, they send it to be rebound, often at considerable cost. There are, however, all sorts of operations of this kind a man can do for himself.

To rebind a book, it is often sufficient to take off the old covers, cutting or tearing off from them the ragged linen binding. Take a piece of strong linen oiled on one side only, and cut it so that it loosely covers the back of the book, allowing for stretching when shut up, and leaving an inch or so on each side for gluing to each cover.

Put the covers on the book again, and after spreading glue on the unoiled side of the backing, apply this to the book in the ordinary way. Then the only thing left to do is to glue a strip of linen, about an inch wide, along the inside of each cover—about half an inch on the cover and half an inch on the book itself.

If you accidentally tear the leaf of a book, you should at once stick a piece of transparent gummed paper on the tear, or if it is only on the margin, ordinary stamp-paper will do as well.

A TALE OF THE JEUNESSE DORÉE

MR. VENTNOR'S SUIT

By F. C. HARTINGTON.

The cutter put down his scissors and looked out on to the dreary waste of Conduit Street—Conduit Street on a rainy, murky, winter's day.

"Dull for us here, sir?" he said to a customer who had looked in to inquire blandly whether they were waiting for the oysters to lay the mother-of-pearl buttons of exclusive design that alone were retarding the finishing of his new fancy waistcoat.

"Oh, no, sir. What we don't see of life we have to deduce. We see tragedy and comedy just the same as at a theatre."

"That's very easy," said the customer. "You get a funeral order. You know someone's dead, and if——"

"And if they will have the latest fashion, the distinction about the waistcoat, the smartest line of the suit, then we know that they're wearing more mourning on their coats than in their hearts, sir. Oh, yes, that's easy enough. So's the case of the wedding order. They're elementals. But it's over the other things that we're, so to speak, impressionists."

He looked at the clock.

"Mr. Ventnor been in yet?" he said to the young man in the faultless morning suit, with the inch-tape artistically hung around his shoulders—the one thing that told you he was not a duke's son.

"Not to-day, Mr. Tippin," replied the irreproachable youth.

"The case of that young gentleman, Mr. Ventnor," said Mr. Tippin, "has been enough to move a heart of stone, sir. He has dealt with us for years and years, and a better customer you couldn't wish to meet.

"When he was at Oxford, which was when he was given our name by a customer as valued as yourself, sir, we had, if I may say so, to strain even our resources to keep pace with his ultra ideas—yes, you had to call them ultra ideas—in clothes, and at the same time turn him out so that he was effective without being in any way—a—common, sir.

"Common, I think, is the word. Yes, it is. With his colour schemes, sir, we had all we could do to preserve a young gentleman, even of his standing and personal appearance, which (as in your case, sir) was such as lent itself to exclusiveness in dressing, from looking as if he bought his clothes just east of— er—Tottenham Court Road.

"I venture to believe that he was highly connected—the very best people. But—" the obsequious cutter shrugged his shoulders—"the times, sir! For the gentry they have been trying. Certain Interests have been tampered with. Incomes and old-established revenue-paying concerns connected with the—er—wine tra—profession, I mean—in which gentlemen have thought fit to invest their capital, have not been safe from the—er—interference of a certain Depredator.

"I mention no names, sir, as I regret to say that I have reason to believe that our fitter, there, has decided *leanings* to Liberalism, and there have been regrettable occasions when the mention of Mr. Ll——, the Depredator, I should say, has resulted in unseemly Lime-housing on his part.

"These depredations have led to a certain expectancy from Mr. Ventnor's great-uncle not being so immaterial to Mr. Ventnor as it might otherwise have been.

"His great uncle has reached an advanced age, and his views on clothes are decidedly distorted.

"I make the statement boldly, I fear, sir, but when you consider that this young Mr. Ventnor, who was so—er—distinctively dressed as to be known as 'Patchwork' to his friends, had to descend to mere greys and pepper-and-salt suits to fall in with his uncle's desires, then I say I am not exceeding my place in describing his uncle's views as distorted.

"You grant me that? Then I can proceed with fuller confidence. For the last five years, since his uncle's years have been creeping on from ninety-seven to a hundred-and-two—a good innings, sir, if I may put it like that—Mr. Ventnor has each season looked with longing on the new range of patterns which we are privileged to show our customers.

"Each season something has happened that has made the likelihood of Mr. Ventnor coming into his great uncle's very considerable property more than probable. But although Mr. Ventnor has pinned down the patterns with his own hands, anticipating having one black suit for form's sake, and one each of the ultra-fashionable designs, the old gentleman, who, because of his arbitrary temper, is a burden to himself and other people, has gone on as though determined to get the congratulations of the crowned head on his hundred-and-fiftieth birthday.

"At last, sir, things became desperate. As he was expected to go off in one of his apoplectic, furniture-, head-, and heart-breaking rages, Mr. Ventnor resorted to a certain expedient.

"To his order a month ago we made a suit, sir, on which we were ashamed to put the name of the firm. It was a check, sir, of checks. It had a dash of blue in it, toned up with green—think of it, sir! There was a yellow shading to the black lines, and the buttons would not have been worn by Mr. George Robey on the stage.

"Then, decking himself up with a truly horrible tie, sir, Mr. Ventnor went to pay a visit to his uncle.

"The old man was so enraged that he jumped the stairs in order to tear it off his nephew. The shock, which I can understand considering the suit, was so awful that he is despaired of. Every day for a month Mr. Ventnor has looked in to see the latest we have. He has selected one black and twenty-four other suits for fashionable style."

At that moment a young man in as ordinary-looking a garb as ever a City errand boy turned up his nose at peered in at the door.

"You can get on with my first two choices of the new suitings," he said.

Mr. Tippin beamed.

"And a black one, sir?"

"Not until nineteen sixty," he said, "and even then I shall have to pay for it myself. The old man drove down to his lawyers' and cut me clean out of his will this morning."

CUTTING ACROSS COUNTRY.

In the course of a stroll through country which is unknown to you and on that account all the more interesting, you may find you have gone farther than you had intended; and discover that you will be infernally late in getting back.

It is in such a case that the man with a sense of locality scores over another without it, for he fearlessly cuts across country, and finds his way home in quick time, where the other either plods back by the long way, or gets irretrievably lost in the middle of some field or other.

The great tip in cutting across country is to take special note of landmarks near your starting-point, and as you go along. Clumps of trees, red-roofed cottages and strangely-fashioned churches will act as guiding marks in your cut across fields.

COLD CURES FOR MEN.

The reason why so many men at this time of the year go about with husky coughs, or have to carry about six handkerchiefs at the same time, is that they simply hate doctoring themselves with medicines that are as unpleasant to other people as they are to them. The man who could sit unconcernedly working in an office, reeking of eucalyptus, and subjected to the frowns, jibes, and occasional maledictions of the other workers, has yet to be born.

If you have a bad cold in the head, you will often obtain relief next morning, by generously rubbing your nostrils overnight with pure vaseline or cold-cream. If your throat is sore, you should take two throat lozenges on getting into bed; but don't chew them, as most people do. Simply put one in each cheek and let them melt slowly, as you sleep.

Quite a bad cough may often be cured by clapping on to your chest a piece of brown paper, thickly smeared with freshly-made mustard. Keep it on as long as you can bear it, say a quarter of an hour, wipe your chest gently, and go to bed.

A quick way of curing a sore throat is to inhale the steam from a jugful of boiling water to which a spoonful of vinegar has been added.

SUNDAY SPORT.

THE SPORTS AND PASTIMES YOU MAY LEGALLY ENJOY ON THE SEVENTH DAY.

There was, of course, a time before the original Presbyterian invasion of England when all sports and pastimes could be indulged in on Sundays as on the other six days of the week; but to-day a line has been drawn—not a hard-and-fast one (except in Scotland), but an undulating and elastic sort of line—between what one may do by way of recreation on Sunday and what one may not.

Field sports are practically barred. Hunting is not practised, though there is no law against it; while the Game Acts forbid the shooting of deer, grouse, black-game, pheasant, partridge, quail, bustard, landrail, woodcocks, and hares on Sunday and Christmas Day.

There is nothing to prevent a man from killing rabbits or wildfowl on these days, but it is not often done in England, though it is in Ireland, where also unrecognised coursing meetings are held, and there is also some hunting with "Sunday packs" near the bigger towns.

NO SUNDAY GOLF IN SCOTLAND.

The same applies to certain games, such as polo, cricket, football, and hockey, which are never played on Sunday, though in Ireland and the North of England curling and bowling are both Sunday games.

Golf in the South and in Ireland has long been played more on Sundays than on other days, but there is, as yet, no Sunday golf in Scotland. Neither is curling there indulged in, though in England, if frost should fortunately provide the opportunity, it is at once taken advantage of.

Riding, cycling, and motoring are favourite seventh-day amusements, and certain games, as bowls, lawn tennis, and croquet, are recognised as suitable for Sunday recreation. Dog-racing and rabbit-coursing, also, are commonly practised on the Sabbath, but archery (which was formerly compulsory after church hours) is rarely practised.

Yachting and boating are favourite Sunday amusements, and so is fishing nearly everywhere.

In Scotland there is a close time for salmon established by law from Saturday night to Monday morning, in order to give the fish a chance to run up unmolested from the sea.

TROUBLE FOR SUNDAY ANGLERS.

In Cornwall, the man who goes sea-fishing on Sunday may not improbably come in for rough treatment from the professional fishermen, not so much because they are Sabbatarians, but because they are naturally lazy and inclined to take any excuse for a day off, while at the same time, dog-in-the-manger-like, objecting to anyone else catching the fish they might have caught had they gone out.

Billiards, for some occult reason, is forbidden by law in England on all licensed premises and clubs, either on Sundays, Christmas Day, or Good Friday. Cards, on the other hand, are not prohibited.

Racing and steeplechasing never take place in the British Isles on a Sunday, though all the chief races on the courses round Paris are held on that day, and the meetings of the Greyhound Club de France are also fixed for *le dimanche*, while Sunday is the great bull-fighting day in Spain and Portugal.

NOISY SPORTS BARRED.

An analysis of the above list of sports, pastimes, and games shows that, despite its apparent confusion, there is some principle underlying the selection by custom of those that may by common consent of the new Puritans be enjoyed on the Sabbath.

Roughly, those the majority of whose patrons are employed in business during the week are permissible, except in cases where pomp and display or the gathering of large crowds of people are incidental to the sport or game.

Also outdoor sports, which by reason of being noisy may give offence to the tender consciences of others, are generally barred, such as shooting and hunting.

Quiet sports or games practised in private enclosures are not objectionable to the average person, though there are, of course, still plenty of kill-joy Puritans who would stop all enjoyment except those of singing hymns and contributing to the plate on the Sabbath; but these, if they had their way, would stop the same recreations on all the other days of the week as well.

L. R. C. CAMERON.

TYRANNY OF THE R.S.P.C.A. IN LUTON.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THIS SOCIETY'S METHODS.

In connection with our recent exposures of the methods of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, an extraordinary case has been brought to our notice by a reader, Mr. A. Pollard, 7, May Street, Luton, Bedfordshire, who has just suffered at their hands.

Here is the case in brief, as reported in the local newspaper:

George Warren, of 5, Queen Street, was charged with working a horse which was in an unfit condition, and Mr. Pollard was charged with causing it to be worked. The evidence showed that the horse was being used in Dallow Road as a chain horse in connection with some carting work being done at the chocolate factory. The spreader had broken, with the result that the chains had chafed the horse's hips.

This was gross carelessness on the part of the driver of the horse, for there was plenty of wood available from which a new spreader could easily have been improvised, and had that been done the chains could not have further irritated the horse. The driver, however, did not take the trouble to make a new spreader or to send back to the stable for one. The fine of 15s. inflicted upon him was a well-deserved penalty, and will probably teach him a lesson.

WHERE THE FINES WENT.

The iniquitous part of the case is that Mr. Pollard, who had no knowledge of the horse's injury, and to whom not one of the twenty men working on the spot had reported it, was fined £5 and 9s. costs, with the alternative of a month's hard labour, because this horse happened to be one of the forty-five of which he has charge.

At the end of the newspaper report which lies before us, this illuminative sentence occurs: "The amount of the fines was ear-marked for the Police Pension Fund."

We have already pointed out that this is one of the devices of the officials of the R.S.P.C.A. to secure police support in the cases which they bring forward, and it reflects no credit upon our police system that the result of a case should mean a benefit, directly or indirectly, to any police fund whatsoever. Judges and magistrates are not permitted to accept presents from litigants, and the action of the police in accepting these doles, even for their charitable funds, does not tend to encourage the impartial administration of justice.

SUBSCRIBER AND JUDGE.

In the course of his letter to us, Mr. Pollard says: "All so-called cruelty cases in Luton are always tried on a Saturday, not on Wednesday, when there is a full Bench of magistrates. We have a magistrate in Luton named Mr. W. Phillips, who is a subscriber and supporter of the R.S.P.C.A., and he is always the chairman on Saturday, when most often there is only one more magistrate present. Before the case started I objected to Mr. W. Phillips sitting as chairman, as he was a subscriber to the R.S.P.C.A., and this was a prosecution by the R.S.P.C.A., but he never moved."

If Mr. Pollard's statement regarding the magistrate's sympathies with the R.S.P.C.A. be a true one, there is something seriously wrong with the administration of justice in Luton.

From the vast amount of evidence which came into our hands while we were printing our exposures of this society, it was made plain to us that it is quite a usual custom for the R.S.P.C.A. to select a day when a magistrate who is a subscriber to their society is on the Bench, and to ask for an adjournment if by any chance a magistrate whose views are unknown takes the case.

THE KIDNEY-PUNCH.

Considerable comment has been aroused by the action of the National Sporting Club in barring the "kidney-punch." In the main, the popular feeling is one of approval, for the steady tap-tap on the other man's kidneys, in which a great many professional pugilists indulge, has an injurious effect on the health in the long run.

The only excuse for the blow is that it is very often the only thing you can do if your opponent gets you into an unfair clinch, and in such cases, it is open to question whether the kidney-punch should not be allowed.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By S. MORSE CHAPLIN.

Bert Matchlock came out of semi-unconsciousness to a knowledge that he was awake and unhappy, and stretched out his cramped, cold limbs.

His overcoat, which he had improvised as a blanket, was gathered in a heap on his chest. He threw it on the floor and sat up rubbing his eyes, shuddering involuntarily in the middle of a yawn.

"Oh, my aunt!" he said. "How rotten I feel!"

He looked at the bed where Clavering was still asleep, emitting a gentle rhythmic snore and covered up by the bedclothes to the ears. Though Clavering was a "good sort of chap," he was far from indulging in the altruistic excess of surrendering his bed to a friend.

"You turn in on the couch, old man," he would say. "You'll find it perfectly comfortable."

And Clavering was under no compulsion to hie forth reluctantly at a stipulated hour in the morning. Clavering had means—the mysterious fed-by-ravens-in-the-desert order of means, and 9.30 a.m. held no terrors for *him!*

It was otherwise with Matchlock, who now pulled out his watch on an impulse of startled recollection.

It was five minutes past nine already!—only just time for a swill and a hurried dash away to the office—without breakfast or shave, as had happened all too often of late. What would they be thinking of him at home? And what would be the end of ——.

But he dismissed his spectral remorse.

He got to his feet and crossed rather rockily to the window, pulling aside the curtain and looking out on to a morning of fog and drizzling rain.

A hasty wash did little to revive him. He suddenly, in the act of drying himself, put his hand in his pocket and brought out all his money. He stared at it, lowering the corners of his mouth.

"Two and eightpence-ha'-penny," he muttered. "Out of two quid. I thought I'd got more than that. . . . Must have been beastly unlucky, as usual."

And then he remembered he had also given Clavering an I O U for a sovereign; Clavering—whose luck was inveterate, no matter what the card game played; Clavering—who lay there snoring gently, looking abominably snug and comfortable.

"Damn Clavering!" he thought, and got into his overcoat with a vicious febrile energy.

He hesitated at the door with a valedictory good-morning on his lips; slammed it behind him, and made his way rapidly to the street.

Clavering turned over and gazed round the room with sleepy inquiry; sighed, and went to sleep again.

Matchlock's father rang him up during the morning. He did not reproach his son—he never did—he merely asked him: "Are you all right, Bert? Your mother was a bit anxious about you when she found out you 'adn't come 'ome last night. I told her, of course, you'd be safe enough with friends. But you know what a worrit she is."

"I missed my last train, as it happened," explained Bert. "Couldn't help it. A very decent chap I know put me up. You can tell the old lady she never need worry about *me*."

"I know, my lad. . . . Er—what are you doing at lunch-time to-day? I got a little matter o' business I'd like to talk over with you. Nothing very important. Matter o' putting a bit o' savings into small 'ouse property. Can you come along to the C.A.B. teashop by Cannon Street Station—the one I gen'ally go to? Downstairs at one o'clock."

"Oh, I can't stand that place," returned Bert, somewhat irritably. "Come along to the Grand Palace Hotel—it's not bad. I'll meet you outside the Mansion House Station at one, if you like. That suit you?"

"If it'll suit *you*, though the C.A.B.'s good enough for me. But all right. I'll be there," and his father hung up the receiver.

They met as arranged, and Bert put up his hand for a taxi.

"I say," said the elder man, who was a commonplace, tidily-shabby, rather harassed-looking City clerk, "you get through it a bit, don't you, Bert? Might just as well take a penny 'bus."

"Can't stand 'em," said Bert; "they're so beastly slow. Jump in."

He was rather flattered by his father's obvious diffidence to his habits—and called the waiter "Charlie" at the hotel to prove himself an habitué. The lunch was a good one, but to Mr. Matchlock's mind "not worth the money." Afterwards they adjourned to the lounge, where the older man accepted a cigar, but refused to run risks with a liqueur.

"I think I shall take your advice about that investment, Bert," he said. "It's not good enough—I can see that. I'll keep the money till a better opportunity presents itself. Maybe *you'll* be 'earing of something. You say you often do."

"I know a lot of men," said Bert candidly. "You'd be surprised the good chances I hear of sometimes. I'll keep my ears open."

"Thank you, Bert," said his father, with appreciation.

That evening Bert arrived home from the office a little earlier than usual, looking very sick and unwell. He refused to be moved by his mother's solicitations, and went straight upstairs to his bedroom, where he locked himself in.

His favourite sister came presently and knocked at the door and asked him if he wouldn't like a cup of tea. But he sent her away with a muffled: "Leave me alone. I don't want anything." And his father, coming home soon afterwards, agreed that he should not be disturbed.

An hour or so afterwards a gentleman called at the house, asking to see Mr. Matchlock, senior. He gave no name, but Mr. Matchlock, on going to the door, recognised him with some surprise, and ushered him into the front room with rather fussy cordiality.

"Shut the door," said the gentleman—and then for twenty minutes they were closeted together in earnest conversation, the visitor doing most of the talking.

Mr. Matchlock came quietly out of the room and went upstairs, knocking on his son's bedroom door and requesting him to open it.

"Mr. Chaloner is here," he said, "so please don't keep him waiting."

After a while his son's white face appeared in the doorway, and they looked at each other dumbly for a moment, then went downstairs, the father taking the lead.

The employer of Bert Matchlock stood awaiting them with a stern face. Again the door was closed.

"I have spoken to your father, Matchlock," said Mr. Chaloner. "I have told him of the serious state of affairs which I discovered in connection with your accounts, and how you were unable to give an explanation when I taxed you with it this afternoon. You have not run away—I am glad to see that. It is a grievous thing for me, with sons of my own, to have to tell your father that his son is an embezzler, but there are some unpleasant duties which we cannot avoid. I have come here simply for the purpose of saving you from imprisonment, if it is possible. The firm will consent to forego proceedings only on the condition that the money is refunded forthwith. It is a considerable sum—over two hundred pounds. What have you to say for yourself?"

Bert Matchlock turned agonised eyes upon his father. He made a step towards him; he began to speak stammeringly.

"I got into bad company. I mixed with chaps who'd more money than myself, and tried to do as they did. They flattered me. . . . I've only been a fool. . . .

"I've only been a fool, I tell you!" he went on, and his voice grew high and desperate. "I've had no fun out of it, only a ghastly, horrible misery. My life's been hell for the last six months."

His voice cracked.

"Don't you understand?" he whispered.

"I only know this, Bert," said his father, who was white of face and inscrutably controlled; "you've done a thing as I'd *never* 'ave believed possible of you. Never! And you've brought such a disgrace on us all that we sha'n't know how to 'old up our 'eads again."

(*Continued on page* 408.)

RED TAPE

"CHINSTRAP" PUTS ON HIS REMEMBERING CAP FOR OUR READERS' ENTERTAINMENT.

I see that, thanks to the mistake of a War Office clerk, a certain cavalry regiment comes on the foreign service roster five years before its proper time, and will thus have to go abroad again after an unduly short spell at home.

Just as a bank will not confess to an error, even when it is against itself, so apparently a War Office clerk having made a mistake, the "bloomer" must stand.

It is, of course, very interesting and amazing to learn that anything can possibly go wrong under the Haldane régime, but I mention the incident chiefly because it reminds me of another of a precisely opposite kind.

In this case the regiment concerned was not too well remembered, but was completely forgotten by the War Office, and was kept for twelve solid years at one station—perhaps I had better not say where, but it was in the Colonies.

I knew a man who was an officer of the corps sent to relieve the lost legion, when at last someone at the War Office discovered that they had not been heard of for a long time, and he assures me that the sights he saw were curious, to put it mildly.

VARIED SHOCKS.

Apparently after five years the regiment had resigned itself to its fate, and had ceased to write to the War Office letters which were never answered.

As time passed, their uniforms wore out and were not replaced, and when the advance party of the relieving regiment arrived, they got several kinds of shocks.

Sentries parading about in semi-military, semi-civilian costume were one. Sentry-boxes turned into rabbit-hutches another, and what, so to speak, put the lid on was the sight of the parade-ground, which had been converted into a kitchen garden by the colonel, who was a gentleman of bucolic tastes and thrifty turn of mind.

It took the best part of a week to get the forgotten regiment under the trooper's hatches.

They were not wishful to leave. Most of the officers and men had married into the civilian population, and the families who were not on the strength, or for whom there was no room on the trooper, objected strongly to being left.

ROUNDING UP THE DESERTERS.

Armed parties had to dig out deserters from under beds, pull them down from trees, or run them to earth in empty water-butts; and even when they had been safely convoyed on board, they usually managed to break loose, and the hunt would begin all over again.

The officers of the reluctant regiment did nothing to help. Such of them as did not bolt into the hills got speechlessly drunk, and on the final day were conveyed to the trooper in a cart, the adjutant being the drunkest of them all.

As it was, when the trooper sailed, she left behind her six officers and one hundred and seventeen men, and all because a War Office clerk had forgotten to relieve the ——th at the proper time, and wasn't going to own up to his error.

PARADE AND PAWNEE.

Regiments in India sometimes get into slack ways, more especially when stationed at some forsaken hole in the interior.

I knew a traveller—and he is not more of a liar than most globe trotters—who came upon a regiment in an out-of-the-way corner of Madras.

At early morning parade a table and chairs were set out under a tree, and here the officers, dressed in their pyjamas, sat and drank brandy pawnee, save when the spirit moved one of the number to stroll out and drill the battalion.

I remember that when we were stationed at Newcastle, Jamaica, we got into pretty slack ways. You see, as I think I have told you before, the parade-ground, which was dug out of the hillside, was so small that if you attempted to move the men they fell over the *khud* about 2,000 feet, and there was really not much to do except play whist, drink planter's punch—m'yum, my mouth waters at the recollection of it—and curse the everlasting rain.

This lotus-eating life suited me very well, but even I felt that things were going too far when, as orderly-officer, I found the orderly-sergeant attending tattoo parade wearing carpet slippers.

I should certainly have run him in had I not myself been wearing pyjamas and Wellington boots under my regulation waterproof.

It was red tape at the War Office, however, that started these reminiscences, and in the old days, at least, red tape was a very wonderful thing.

I remember once seeing a pile of official correspondence, which was at least eighteen inches deep. It related to the appointment of a cat to keep down the mice in the quartermaster's stores.

In the first place, it appeared that there was no precedent for the appointment of an official cat. However, in the course of a few months the Quartermaster-General, who was a strong man, determined to create a precedent, and sanctioned the purchase of a cat.

FATHERING THE CAT.

Then the question arose, who was to pay for the cat and its keep, and there was a battle royal over this. The Paymaster-General was of opinion that it was the Treasury's business, and the Treasury retorted that they'd see the cat hanged first—it was clearly a matter for the Inspector-General of Fortifications, as the cat was in the nature of a defence work.

The Inspector-General of Fortifications disagreed with this, and, in a masterly minute, gave his view that the cat came under the heading of "Medical Comforts," and that its maintenance should be charged to the medical department.

The boss medical officer was pained at the idea, and respectfully but firmly suggested that the cat was the business of the Inspector-General of Recruiting.

The last-named dissented, and attempted to father the cat on the Army Veterinary Department, who made themselves most unpleasant about it.

PRIVATE PUSS'S FATAL MISTAKE.

I forget who was eventually saddled with the cat after questions had been asked in Parliament about it, but at last a sum of money was voted for the purchase of a cat, and new Army forms invented for the purpose of recording the official cat's sex, age, height, weight, marks (if any), religion, and character, while the Army Medical Department weighed in with a special diet sheet for Private Puss.

By this time the mice had eaten several hundred pounds worth of stores, and were suffering from overfeeding, but at last puss was installed.

His career was brief. The man who bought him apparently did not know much about cats. The Adjutant-General, acting in consultation with the Chief Medical Officer and the Inspector-General of Artillery, had decided that the cat must be of the male persuasion.

Therefore, when about a month after his enlistment the official cat had kittens, and the quartermaster indented for extra milk, there was a terrible rumpus, there being absolutely no precedent for a Tom cat having kittens. The official cat was discharged with ignominy, and never replaced.

"Chinstrap."

INEXPENSIVE HUNTING.

Although hunting is a sport much favoured by the wealthy, it is by no means beyond the reach of the humbler sportsman. If he follows on foot he can do so without any expense at all; but if he lives in a hunting country he can enjoy the sport on horseback at a comparatively modest figure.

Supposing that he is the possessor of a hunter, the cost of keeping his horse, including the services of a boy to look after it, need not amount to more than fifteen shillings per week.

Subscriptions and caps depend upon whether the local hunt is an expensive one or not, but this item, in most cases, is not heavy.

MEMOIRS OF A MARRIED MAN.—3.

HER GIFT.

Arriving at the bank one morning about five months after our marriage, I found among the correspondence a letter from the head office in Lombard Street, intimating that the Inspector of Branches would visit me at the close of business that day for the audit.

I knew that this would entail my being kept at the bank until nine or ten o'clock that evening. I had already been working fairly late owing to the quarterly balance, and on this particular evening I had promised to take Ethel up West for a quiet little dinner and a visit to the theatre.

Of course, the little girl would be disappointed, but there was no help for it, so I hastily scribbled a note to Ethel, in which I consigned Branch Inspectors and their ill-timed visits to a horrible and sultry fate.

I despatched the note by a junior clerk, and he was not long in returning with the answer. Opening the envelope addressed in Ethel's characteristic handwriting, I read:

"My Darling Boy,—Trips up West can wait; but business is business, dear. Never mind, Jack. As it happens, I *particularly* want to see mother to-day, so I'll run over to her place, and shall get back in plenty of time before you come home at ten. All my love, sweetheart.—Your own CHUM. P.S.—I quite agree that Branch Inspectors might seek the warmer clime you recommend!"

WELCOMED HOME.

That P.S. restored my good humour. I could not help wondering, though, why Ethel should suddenly have found it so necessary to visit her mother, but aseribed the reason to Chum's tactful way of hiding her disappointment.

Such domestic thoughts, however, were driven out of my head by the business of the day. The Branch Inspector duly made his appearance, and seemed gratified at the increase of new customers having current accounts, which he would not fail to report to the head office. I was able to lock up the premises somewhat earlier than I had anticipated, and reached home about nine.

Although we now had a maid, Ethel always came and opened the front door as soon as she heard the flick of the letter-box—my usual method of heralding my return. Thinking she had not yet got home, I opened the door with my key, but to my delight and pleasure Ethel was just coming downstairs.

PRIDE AND LOVE.

I have already told you how demure my little girl could be, but to-night she held herself like a young queen. Her eyes shone with a light I had never seen in them before, and her lovely lips met mine in a clinging passionate kiss that sent a warmth through my whole body. Tenderly, devotedly, she helped me to take off my overcoat, and, linking her arm in mine, her eyes ablaze with excitement, she led me into the dining-room.

Pulling my easy-chair near the cheerful blaze of the fire, I sat down.

"Well, Chum," I said, "come and tell me all the news," and drew her on my lap.

The little lady placed one arm around my neck, kissed me again and again, and finally buried a burning face in my shoulder.

"What's up, old girl? Nothing wrong, I hope?" I said, vaguely uneasy.

THE NEWS.

Ethel shook her head and clung more closely to me, but as suddenly her arm relaxed and I felt her body become inert. Over her face, which had been rosy-red but a moment before, there slowly spread a deathly pallor, which struck an icy chill of fear into my heart. Ethel had fainted.

Thoroughly alarmed, I placed my darling on the couch, and quickly loosened her dress, chafing her cold hands and imploring her to speak to me. Making a frantic dash for the smelling-salts, I sent the maid flying for the eau de Cologne, and gently I bathed the temples and marble forehead of my "Chum." Presently a little fluttering sigh escaped her, her eyes opened, and she smiled up at me.

"My darling, my darling," I cried, "let me send for a doctor." Ethel shook her head. "It is nothing—I—Jack dear—oh, my husband, happy wife that I am!" And placing her lips to my ear she whispered her tidings.

Then I understood. Too awed for words, and marvelling at Nature's inscrutable working, I knelt beside her, a great thankfulness within me.

Mere man that I was, whose survey of the world too often saw only the commercial and business aspect of life, it was then that I realised the great Mystery of Life in the wonderful blessing that had been vouchsafed to us.

"Chum" placed her throbbing hands in mine, and as I reverently kissed her lips, her eyes, her shining hair, I recalled the beautiful words of the marriage service. The very hub of the universe, the alpha and omega of life, was centred in our little home.

PREPARATIONS.

During the months that followed, Ethel, always energetic, pursued her household duties with renewed vigour. Each evening, as I sat with book and pipe, would find her with some dainty bit of embroidery or busily engaged upon some miniature garment.

At dinner one night I found by my plate a tiny article of white knitted wool, intertwined with the palest of blue ribbon. To Ethel's great disgust, I assumed it to be a new kind of egg-cosy, but closer examination proved it to be the "dinkiest of little socks"—to quote Ethel's own words.

Mysterious lengths of soft flannel, voluminous robes and charming cambrics made their appearance in quick succession, and once I was allowed to inspect a wonderful large, flat basket.

It was made of closely-woven cane, and its shallow interior was lined with some delicate pink stuff. The sides were covered with the same material, fashioned into a number of little pockets, in which were a variety of toilet requisites, the various uses of which I could but vaguely conjecture. In the centre of the basket was an immense powder-box and puff of swansdown.

MASCULINE SACRILEGE.

By the way, Ethel caught me the next morning in the act of dabbing the puff on my chin after I had shaved! That I had committed an act of sacrilege was evident by the way "Chum" snatched the puff from my desecrating touch, but forgiveness promptly followed in the shape of an impulsive kiss—on my nose!

While Ethel was making ready for the event of her life, in my walks to and from the bank I developed an absorbing interest in matters infantile. Toy-shop windows had a new attraction for me, and once I had the temerity to inquire the price of an ivory rattle with five little silver bells that jingled merrily.

No man about to purchase a motor-car could have displayed more keenness than I in the contemplation of a catalogue issued by a firm of baby-carriage manufacturers, and already I was an authority on cee-springs, weather guards, and collapsible hoods!

"Jack, I've got such a nice old nurse coming in to-morrow," said Ethel to me one day. "Not a hospital nurse, you know, dear, but still, a thoroughly competent, motherly sort of person whom the doctor has recommended."

ONE MORNING IN SPRING.

The old lady appeared to me to be very satisfactory, and I was secretly glad she was not a young hospital-trained miss—all collars and cuffs—the general run of whom expect a staff of servants to wait on them hand and foot.

One beautiful, sunny morning in spring, when the trees were about to blossom forth in all their glory, and all seemed smiling and hopeful, a note from the doctor was delivered to me by his boy just as I was leaving the bank for lunch. The message was short and to the point.

I rushed home. Looking very nervous and frightened, the maid whispered to me that the doctor had already arrived and was upstairs. I flew up three steps at a time, but was confronted at the top by the nurse, who assured me that all was going on well, and that I should be called immediately if necessary.

So I had perforce to creep downstairs again and wait. Going into the dining-room, I tried to read, but the letters flickered before my eyes like a bad bioscope film. Flinging the book down, I paced the room and caught a glimpse of a man's white face reflected alternately in the mantel and sideboard mirrors. Was that haggard face really mine?

Hush! What was that? A door upstairs opened—a faint footfall—then a door shut again. Was that a cry I heard? Beads of perspiration stood out on my brow. A milk-cart went clanging by—and then once more silence everywhere.

Actually, I had been home one hour, yet that hour was the longest I have ever experienced in my life. The little maid came in and asked if I would like some lunch, but the savage "No" I hurled at her sent her scurrying back to her pots and pans.

I could stand the suspense no longer. Creeping upstairs, I had just reached the landing when the nurse appeared at the bedroom door, her face beaming.

"A son, sir! Such a fine, healthy little man! You may come in now, sir; but be sure not to excite the dear, sweet lady."

THE GIFT.

Through the sacred portals of that room I quietly entered, striving hard to keep my self-control. Curiously enough, at that supreme moment, my one thought was of Ethel only. The doctor, calm and confident, was standing at the foot of the bed.

"Congratulations, my dear sir!" said he, holding out his hand, which I took mechanically, for I had eyes only for my darling.

Ethel, the beautiful tresses of her fair hair falling in a golden cascade on to her bosom, was lying slightly on one side, one lily-white arm resting on the pillow. Sleeping in the right arm of his charming mother, and huddled closely to her breast, was a little morsel of humanity with a very red face and screwed-up eyes.

Softly I approached the bed. Ethel took my hand, and her voice, choked with happy tears, whispered, "Father!"

[*Another of these memoirs will appear next week.*—EDITOR]

QUENCHING THIRST.

An interesting explanation of alcoholic excess was recently given by an authority on dietetics.

His theory is that the reason why a man drinks too much is that he drinks too quickly. The liquor is gulped down, and is not allowed to remain on the tongue and in the mouth and throat for a sufficiently long period to quench the thirst. Consequently the drinker remains thirsty, and has another glass and another, with no better results so far as his thirst is concerned.

In support of his theory, he points out that a cup of hot tea is always refreshing, simply because one is compelled to sip it slowly.

RINGSIDE GOSSIP.

CURRENT NEWS OF THE PUGILISTIC WORLD.

It was a very unlucky thing for Freddy Welsh that Ad. Wolgast should have fallen ill so suddenly and thus deprived the British boxer of a chance of taking the light-weight title from him. Welsh, however, met a boxer from San Francisco, Willie Ritchie, and beat him easily on points.

In justice to Ritchie, however, it should be noted that he agreed to meet Welsh at the very shortest notice, and was consequently allowed no time wherein to get properly trained. Welsh, on the contrary, was trained to a hair. So that if the Welsh-Wolgast match ever does come off, we must not take the Welsh-Ritchie bout as too convincing a "line" to go on.

On Wednesday next, the 13th, there will, all being well, be a highly interesting contest at the Cirque de Paris, between Georges Carpentier, the clever young Frenchman, who lately beat Young Joseph, and Harry Lewis, the American boxer. The contest is to be one of twenty rounds, the men to weigh inside 11st. 6lb. at the ringside.

It will be a particularly attractive meeting for the reason I am going to expound. It will be a contest between "inexperienced skill," if I may use such an expression, and experienced brawn without science. The Frenchman is "good," but has not had enough fights. The Yank has no pretensions to being clever, but he is enormously strong and has seen a lot of scrapping. He says he is confident of winning, for the Frenchman can hit him as much as he likes and Lewis won't worry. Lewis, too, can hit like a horse kicking, and certainly if he does get one or two home our friend Georges will feel them.

Another "white hope" has sprung into prominence in America in the person of Tom Kennedy, a well-built boxer, who weighs about 14st. He has just beaten Al. Palger in New York; and some good judges say he is *the* man to meet Jack Johnson.

"STRAIGHT LEFT."

DANCING HINTS

SOME USEFUL TIPS FOR MEN IN THE BALL-ROOM.

The average man dances badly This is due mainly to the average schoolboy's dislike of learning what he mistakenly regards as an unmanly accomplishment

When he comes to know better, his muscles have lost something of their elasticity, his bones have "set," and it is too late for him to become a really first-class dancer.

Still, any man, even if his dancing education has been totally neglected, can achieve at least "respectable mediocrity," provided he does not suffer from any physical defect, such as flat feet, and has a good ear for time.

A first principle of good dancing is to turn the knees outwards, which means that the toes must follow them, and thus the feet are always relatively at right angles.

FOR PRACTICE.

Here are one or two useful exercises:

Grasping some convenient object, such as the back of a chair, with one hand, raise the opposite foot—*i.e.*, left foot if you are holding with right hand and *vice versa*—till it is to the side of and a little way from the right foot, being careful to point the toes downwards.

Sounds simple, but try it without the chair and see if you can keep your balance.

Then lower the left foot till the toes touch the ground, and next bring it back to the right foot so that the heel of the left foot is against the toes of the right. Repeat this several times, alternately bringing the toes of the left foot behind the heel of the right.

For another exercise, place the heels together, with the feet at right angles, and, bending the knees outwards, sink and rise several times, keeping the upper part of the body erect.

WHEN TO CURVE THE BACK.

In slow movements, as in lancers or quadrilles, the body should be kept erect and the chest expanded, but in rapid round dancing the back should be slightly curved.

In any hopping or leaping movement, bend the knee before springing, and be careful to alight on the toes.

Elbows should be turned outwards like the knees, and remember to keep the fingers grouped together. Nothing looks uglier than to see a man's hand sprawling all over his partner's back, which brings us to the correct way of holding your partner.

First place your right hand against her waist, just above the skirt, remembering to keep the fingers together.

On no account should your arm encircle her waist, the hand being bent just sufficiently to follow the course of the body.

BENDING YOUR LEFT ARM.

The lady then places her left hand on or just beneath your right shoulder, according to your respective heights. You next take her right hand in your left, which you hold palm upwards, so that she can place her hand palm downwards in it, and now comes an important point: *Keep your left arm bent.*

If you keep it straight out like a railway signal, it is not only hideously ungraceful, but your outstuck fist is a danger to other dancers.

If you are in the correct position, you and your partner will be able to look over each other's right shoulders without any twisting or straining of the head or eyes. At the same time don't keep your head as if it were in a photographer's vice. Turn it from time to time, as any appearance of stiffness or rigidity is fatal to graceful dancing.

Steering is an art to be acquired only by practice, but don't pull your partner suddenly to one side as if you were trying to stop a runaway horse.

In regard to keeping time, the common fault is to go too fast.

Don't waltz when it is a polka. It looks silly and is bad form.

A. E. COATES.

NEW IMPRESSIONS FOR LOVERS OF THE OPEN.

Fog in a town is a dangerous, unwholesome weather condition that is beloved by none; but fog in the country is clean, and the man who loves the open road need not hesitate to take his stroll because the white mists hide all that would commonly be described as worth seeing.

In fact, the impressions he will gather will reward him amply, because of their very strangeness.

As you look out upon a foggy landscape from the window of a comfortable cottage, with a bright, yellow flame flickering far up the chimney above the heavy logs, the world seems by no means inviting in this winter dress.

The stillness is apt to cast a gloom over the mind and to make it resigned to spending the day indoors.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S INSTINCT.

Then comes the never-failing desire to go out into the open. It is one of the permanent passions of the Englishman—deep-seated in the foundations of his character and nature.

Through the window-pane, half-blurred with the condensation of vapour within, the world indeed looks dismal, but, once outside, there is no thought of returning.

The wood smoke from the cottage chimney hangs in the heavy atmosphere, perfuming it with its own pleasant and pungent odour.

The earth has completely changed from the familiar wooded and pastoral view, so well known, to a strange, unexplored and different place.

The fog comes close up to the walker as he goes, leaving him only a small circle of visibility around him. Hanging like sluggish smoke about the hedges, it prevents even a view into the adjacent fields; while straight ahead there is white nothingness, out of which any mortal thing might appear without causing very great astonishment.

OVER THE HEDGES.

Roadsides, yesterday so familiar, now are strangely altered, and you cannot remember what sort of country lies beyond any one stretch of hedge.

Where this is low and closely cut, there is a faint suggestion of the damp brown of ploughed land beyond. It is seen through the thin edges of the mist curtain, but you can only follow the furrows a few yards back before they disappear.

As you stride blindly forward into the bank of whiteness before you, the trees in the hedges appear and disappear as you approach and pass with startling solemnity. Suddenly at your side, and frowning down upon you from thirty or forty feet up, you are conscious of a dull, dark round mass that seems to be slowly smothering you like a cloud.

Two steps nearer and you realise that it is a tree, standing silent and solitary, and dripping with moisture. Then as you draw level and pass, it vanishes as suddenly and softly in the white curtain behind, like any ghost.

THE APPROACHING CART.

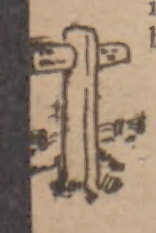
Sounds are sharply defined, and travel far in the still damp air, and long before you can make out even a dark patch in the fog you can hear the approach of a horse and cart along the road.

It is difficult to judge its pace, for the sound of the hoofs on the road might mean that the horse is either walking or trotting. Even when the first vague outline becomes visible the dark mass seems to move uncertainly, and at last it is upon you in an instant, and sweeps past with only about six inches between it and your arm.

Speculation as to the identity and character of every human being who approaches can be kept up until the moment when they are within hand-shaking distance.

Indeed, about every object animate and inanimate there is a cloak of mystery when the country road is shrouded before, behind, and on either hand by a veil of white fog.

C. EASTON-GREY.



MY NOTEBOOK.

BRAINS AND MUSCLE.

One frequently hears discussions as to whether physical culture is of any practical use to the man who earns his living by brain work rather than by bodily strength. It is argued by some that if a man works with his head he should let all his energy go to that quarter, and should not divert it to the building up of muscle for which he has no practical use. The following letter, which I have received from a reader, is an interesting commentary upon this point of view.

"You may be interested to learn," he says, "which features of the paper I like best. Selby and Ferris are, of course, great; but I have never taken much interest in the Territorial stories or the sporting articles, because my eyesight is weak, and I could not join the Territorial Force even if I wanted to.

"The articles I like best are the philosophical ones which you frequently print, and it was because of them that I became a regular reader. I have always liked the business and Outer Man pages, but I never troubled to read the Physical Culture page because it did not seem to concern me.

"One day, however, I was travelling, and had read all the rest of the paper, and so turned to Rapid Physical Development. The picture at the top that week was a full-length figure of an athlete, which aroused my interest a little. I read some of the answers to correspondents, and by the time I had read all the replies, I began to think that some of those taking an interest in physical culture must be beginners, like myself.

"The exercise given that week was a simple one, and I tried it when I got home. Since then I have practised physical culture regularly, not so much because I want larger muscles, as because my health has improved since I took it up, and I feel happier.

"Perhaps if you printed some part of this letter it might induce other readers who have not tried physical culture to experiment with it. I am sure that they will feel grateful to you."

And, agreeing with my reader, I have printed it.

LAST WEEK OF OUR RECOMMENDATION SCHEME.

This week our first recommendation scheme closes, and all the forms collected from this number or those of the last three weeks, must be sent so as to reach us between to-morrow, Tuesday, December 12, and the first post on Monday next, December 18.

I am glad to say that the recommendation scheme has proved very popular, but there is one tip I want to give you, and that is to send us your forms, however few they may be.

Remember that there are seventy-two awards, and, for all we can yet say, they may be carried off by those who send in a comparatively small number of forms.

There is another point to be borne in mind, namely, that if you do not succeed in gaining an award in connection with the first scheme, your forms will be carefully kept and credited to your total in connection with the second scheme, which we shall announce the week after next.

Full particulars will be found on Page 408.

MEMOIRS OF A MARRIED MAN.

I am very glad that my expectations in regard to the popularity of the "Memoirs of a Married Man" have proved entirely correct. This series has been one of the most popular that we have yet published, and the third memoir, entitled "Her Gift," you will find to be of exceptional interest. The series concludes next week in a very dramatic and unexpected manner.

Whenever an editor publishes a story or an article of an unusual kind he is sure to receive objections, and these have not been lacking in the case of these memoirs.

Most of them have come from ladies, who consider that the topics dealt with are of too intimate a character to be written about. That, of course, is a matter of opinion, but I personally feel that the subject can very safely be left in the masterly hands of the writer; the delicate way in which he has treated it has been commented upon even by his critics.

I may say that we have in hand several other contributions of an unusual kind, which may arouse equal discussion but which will certainly prove interesting.

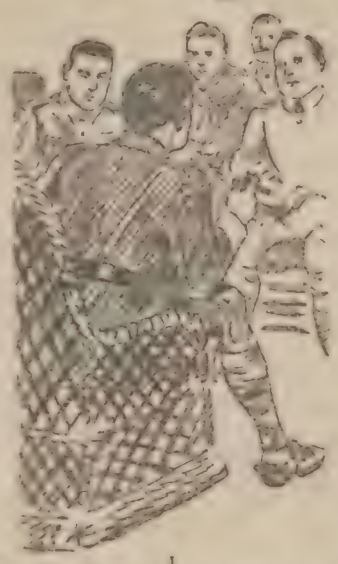
YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

A TERRITORIAL STORY.

THE MUTINY OF SQUADRON "B"

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.



"A match, please, Mulroon," said Trooper Kernahan, peering his head into the Yeomanry Room of the Territorial Club at Brermouth.

A tall, fair-moustached man walked over to the Trooper.

"Here you are, sir, and can I be of any assistance to you in any little job you've got on hand?"

"Well, we're shifting those parallel bars in the gym."

"I know all about that sort of thing, sir——"

Trooper Mulroon departed, leaving behind a half-consumed tankard of the wine of Lacon.

Trooper Stephen smiled significantly at a couple of Yeomen from the neighbouring county, honoured guests of the Squadron.

"That's an old soldier," he said. "Got any in your crew of happy-go-hang-its?"

"No thank you," said a Midshire sergeant. "We've read about that sort in books—Army books. They get discharged for unheard-of effrontery inside three months. Marginal comment on the reason thereof is always *very* interesting reading."

"Marginal comment on this man will probably be 'dropped dead in the service of Tooper Kernahan!'" said Stephen, musingly. "Still, he was a bit of a nut. We cracked him, that's all."

"I like the editorial 'we,'" said Carteret, with sarcasm. "You had a lot to do with it."

He took in the visitors with a comprehensive glance.

"Mulroon was one of our noble audience first of all."

"They always are," said the Midshire man. "I can tell you all about him, though I've neither seen nor heard of him before. He hung over your balcony and watched the drills."

"That's right."

"He pretended he thought it was all very delicious."

"You ought to be fined for character delineation."

"He kept kidding you chaps up after drills that he wanted to join."

"Do you know this man?" asked Carteret, after the manner of an astrologist's advertisement. "You're right. He kidded *me*."

"And you purchased the pup," said Stephen. "There were slight variations to your theme, Sergeant. He did the balcony comment act all right; but also invited himself to our smokers on the grounds that he was a potential recruit.

"If, on his own introduction, he got in parley with any of us, you never heard him mention a word about the Army. He persistently kept out of step."

"He adopted the maritime roll," said Carteret, dreamily.

"Yes. And I'll say for him that not one of us suspected that he had anything to do with the Army at all. He had a snug little job somewhere, was a nice sort of chap, very interested, it seemed, in our little evolutions, and at all the smoking concerts he was a star turn."

"So popular," said Carteret, waving his hand in the air, "that the Captain, in the chair, used always to quash my encores on the ground that Mulroon would take up all the encore time with his turns. Unfair to an old trooper? Bless you, Sergeant, you don't think I'm such an ass as to expect fairness at my time of Territorial life? This was a good man we were keen on getting—Mulroon."

"That's—er—rather a compliment, isn't it?" said the Midshire sergeant.

"These are sad times, brother," said Carteret. "One night I told Mulroon that we had a vacancy. We had, well, several. I told him he would just fit it."

"We got him through by the next week," said Stephen. "And after that the pantomime began."

"Dull pantomime!" Carteret said, unctuously. "There wasn't any of the back-to-the-Army-again-sergeant about our new recruit. 'Cruel' might begin to describe his manœuvres. To all intents and purposes he was a blockhead and a quarter——"

"Hold on a shake," said the Sergeant. "How was it you didn't tumble that he was fooling. An old Army man must record the fact that——"

"Oh, he was out of his nine years on the reserve. Entirely civilian, and considered he had no call to say otherwise. Else he wouldn't have, as you might say, come it to the extent he did.

"I tell you who he reminded me of: Little Tich. He fell over his sword like a humorist, and it simply demoralised the squadron. We used to drop our pig-stickers out of our limp hands and simply strain our brown leather belts with laughing. And the poor old sergeant-major would stand there, busting himself in an effort to look annoyed.

"He had his dressings down. One night he was told off right under the big arc light in the hall. He stood without moving a muscle, and turned the sergeant-major's invective into the funniest monologue you ever heard. The chaps that had to fall out of the ranks on the loose puttee excuse, just to hide their faces!—think of it, Stephen!"

"Half the troop," said Stephen. "There was a general jaw after that. The sergeant-major told us what he thought of us. Kept us stamping round for an hour extra, and politely instructed us to consider ourselves on defaulters' parade."

Stephen stretched himself out in his chair.

"It was a fresh thing for us," said he. "We're usually good little boys.

"The old sergeant-major had been eyeing Mulroon for some time, I noticed. Mulroon had had all the music-hall tricks fagged out of him. All of a sudden the sergeant-major gave an order we didn't understand—not as much as the language—and, behold, there was Mulroon deviating dead from the line!

"I was passing the sergeant-major then. I heard him mutter, 'As I thought.' Mulroon woke up and shuffled back. Five minutes later we broke off. There wasn't anything funny about Mulroon then. He was mad. You could see it.

"'So it's not your first defaulter's drill,' says old Kernahan, going up to him. You see he'd had two words from the sergeant-major. 'I suppose that's why it grates,' says he. 'Takes your mind back to the Shiny, eh?'

"Just as he was saying that the sergeant-major calls out that there would be a further half-hour's detention drill next week, and those that called themselves men would turn up to do it and get it over, because they'd have to do it, if he marched each man separately round the hall on different nights. He added yet another three words in Indian soldier's slang to Mulroon, and laughed.

"Then he gave Kernahan the tip to pass round to us. Whatever Trooper Mulroon suggested to us we were to act up to it. The 'major said he'd bet his life what his lay would be, and he was on a winner."

"Within a quarter of an hour, over lavish drinks supplied by Mulroon, we were giddy mutineers, pledged to almost blow up the drill hall," said Carteret. "We had a nice form of sergeant-major baiting up our sleeves, and our officers were to be the subject of what might be termed particularly gruesome inquests. Mulroon was dead serious. It was the old story of the humorist, who, as usual, could not see a joke."

"Not one coterie of Army raggers ever exploited in the sensational Press was in it with us," said Stephen.

"For a week the whole drill hall was wrapt in mystery. Old Kernahan and Carteret and I became amateur conspirators. We organised little groups in dark corners of the drill hall, and breathed sedition on Mulroon, Mulroon flitting about from group to group like a butterfly, and enjoying it all immensely.

"There was a lot of jaw, but the concrete result was that on the stroke of eight o'clock when, ordinarily, we dismiss, we were to refuse to go on with the defaulters' drill, and walk off.

"Old K. looked at him.

"'Hanged if that isn't the tamest mutiny I've ever heard of, Mulroon,' says he.

"'But this is only a Territorial regiment,' says Mulroon.

"'Is that *all?*' says K. 'Do you imagine, then, you can begin to teach us one little bit about anything—even if you *have* been on defaulter's drill in Umballa?'"

"'We could throw our headgear in the air,' says Mulroon.

"'We might buy a few penny tin whistles, and we could give you charge of the squib department,' says old K., very contemptuous.

"We'd got all the groups conglomerated by then.

"'Well, I'm going to put it to the vote,' says Kernahan. 'Gentlemen, the question before the meeting is, who is to lead this—er—forceful protest against unfair detention,' he said.

"'Mutiny,' Mulroon corrected him.

"'We're only a Territorial regiment,' said Kernahan, winking at us. 'Who is to lead it? Show hands for me. . . . . You see, it's unanimous. There's no need to put you and your fivepenny-ha'penny Guy Fawkes business before the meeting, Mulroon.'

"Mulroon looked pretty sick at that.

"'Never mind,' says Kernahan. 'I will delegate the chief business to you. You will go and wrest the sword away from the sergeant-major, and you can throw *his* hat into the air. I shall be in the background with Stephen and Carteret ready with a big sack to chuck him in.'

"'Isn't that going a little too far?' asks Mulroon.

"'Not unless we carry him out of the hall. The idea is to leave him in some dark corner—you know how niggardly they are with the lights after eight? I dare say the hall-keeper will find him all right in the morning,' says K. 'If not, the cyclists will be drilling in the hall the next night. Anyhow, you, Stephen,' he says to me, 'had better look up by Wednesday at latest just to see they do fish him out.'

"Then—we'd been cheering all these sentiments at intervals—we hoo-bally-rayed again, and the gay conspirators broke up."

Carteret nodded.

"Sergeant-major had been making inquiries. Our old soldier based his mutinous experience on knocking off the hat of a drunken sergeant in Calcutta. They were both drunk, I think," he said.

"Oh, but it came off be-ute-ifully on the night," said Stephen. "The sergeant-major only watched old Hall—that's our sergeant—drill us till seven-fifteen in the background. Captain Devine took us over then. At eight he said he understood we were to stand fast instead of dismiss, as the sergeant-major required something of us. We let him clear out of the way. Then somebody who was standing next to Mulroon says, 'Look out, now's your time. Here comes the 'major—slouching along in his usual style, head down—a disgrace to the cavalry. Off with his hat, Mulroon!'

"Immediately, according to a pre-arranged signal, we broke off and slammed our rifles back into the rack, returning to back up Mulroon, who was standing in the hall, his knees bumping together at the thought of the seditious deed before him.

"'Now, then,' says Carteret, 'you see the tyrant is too flabbergasted to speak. Be a bally hero and go for him, and buck up about it,' he says."

Carteret laughed.

"Yes, I knew the scabbard of the old sword that Kernahan had pressed into service in his lifelike imitation of the sergeant-major—grey moustache out of my private theatrical make-up box, and all—was getting cool. Though we had heated it nicely on the fire—just enough to make a man say 'What ho!'"

"We shoved him forward," said Stephen, "and, with a hand that trembled like a jelly at the officers' mess, he touched old K.'s sword. My! how he sucked his fingers!"

The visiting sergeant brought down his fist on his knee.

"That's first-rate," he said. "Naturally——"

"We bundled old Mulroon into the sack," said Stephen, "but we were kinder to him than he had intended to be with his victim. When we untied him, we shot him out against the piano there. I tuned up, and as he blinked his eyes I called out what I'm going to call out now."

He shouted down the stairs.

"Come on, Mulroon, you old serio-comic. The company present is waiting for your classical imitation of Wilkie Bard singing 'You—you—you.'"

The sergeant-major came up with Mulroon, smoking his pipe, clasping him about as a brother.

"Do it a little less nervously than you did on *the* night, old man," said he, "and we'll all be pleased."

EVERY READER SHOULD JOIN.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League. The names of those enrolling now will appear in a supplementary list*

SPRINGFIELD.
B. KITE, 35, The Knowle.

SPRINGWELL.
H. MARSHALL, Fell Cottage.

STAFFORD.
F. W. BEARDSMORE, 29, Rowley Grove; J. E. BIDSON, 23, Railway Street; E. DENNY, 28, Railway Street; J. C. ELLIS, 3, Tithe Barn Road; J. S. GREENWOOD, 162, Oxford Gardens; W. PHILLIPS, 8, Earl Street; J. PITT, 8, Earl Street; A. SCASE, 8, Earl Street; J. B. TAYLOR, 5, Jerningham Street.

STAINES.
A. KITE, Jun., 45, High Street.

STAIRFOOT.
W. BROADHERD, 9, Field Lane.

STALHAM.
T. W. BRACKENBURY.

STALYBRIDGE.
W. C. CLARKE, Church Hill; A. HALEY, 110, Forester Street; H. SHIRES, 66, Wakefield Road.

STAMFORD.
J. W. GASCOIGNE, 3, Seaton Terrace, Adelaide Street; W. F. HUNT, The Farm, South Luffenham; G. MILES, 9, Cornstall Buildings.

STANHILL.
E. BRADLEY, Stanhill Hall.

STANLEY.
J. GEDGE, 12, Chapel Street, Kipp Hill, West Streatley.

STANNINGLEY.
B. BARKER, 143, Richardshaw Lane; M. NAYLOR, 201, Richardshaw Lane.

STAPLEFORD.
H. BURROWS, 27, Lot Street; H. HAMSHER, c/o Frisbye, Ltd., Derby Road; A. SMITH, 8, Eatong Road.

STARLING.
F. HOLT, Linnet Hall.

STAVELEY.
P. A. CROFTS, High Street.

STEPPS.
C. E. BOWMAN, Woodland Cardowan Drive.

STILLINGTON.
T. SPARKS; J. TALL.

STIRLING.
S. DOW, Port of Menteith Station; J. S. MACADAM, 86, Upper Craigs; A. B. McKENZIE, care of Mrs. Abercromby, 53, Upper Craigs.

STOCKFIELD-ON-TYNE.
J. WALKER, Linden Cottage.

STOCKPORT.
H. S. ASTLEY, 29, Gorton Road, Reddish; A. BANN, 120, Chatham Street; C. W. BARRATT, 40, Brixton Road; A. BLAKE, 25, Church Road, New Mills; F. B. BRIGGS, "Erwood," Kennerley Road; H. CARTWRIGHT, 29, Countess Road; W. CASSON, 4, Glebe Street; A. B. CHADNOCK, 89, Wellington Road North, Heaton Norris; A. CLARKE, 6, Hill Street, Brennington; J. COOKE, 16, Jennings Street; A. DAILEY, 13, Brooke Street, Daw Bank; H. FANTOM, 110, Grenville Street; W. FOOTE, 173, London Road, Hazel Grove; H. FORD, 100, Manchester Road, Heaton Chapel; J. GARNER, 64, Bramhall Road; W. GARNER, 23, Stockholm Road, Edgeley.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 1l.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:

Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable)	1s. 4½d.,	post free
Narrow bow-ties	1s. 5½d.,	" "
Wide-ended silk ties	2s. 5½d.,	" "
Silk mufflers	4s. 11d.,	" "

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

The League Badge. Actual Size.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

A. J. C. (Birmingham).—Virginia cigarettes contain about 75 per cent. more nicotine than Turkish or Egyptian.

"AMBITIOUS" (Margate).—It would be very difficult for you, enlisting in the R.A.M.C., to obtain a commission except as quartermaster, for you would first have to qualify as a civil practitioner.

K. L. M. (Huddersfield).—Demand a bill of costs. It is unprofessional conduct for a solicitor to charge a lump sum, giving no particulars.

W. F. (Edinburgh).—Most smooth-haired dogs do well in India, but none better than the bull-terrier. A well-bred bull pup would cost you £4 or £5.

"CHINSTRAP"—We are not surprised to hear that your brother is looking for you with a gun, but we hope he won't catch you. No; you would not come under the Workmen's Compensation Act. Lloyd George might give you seven and a tanner a week—per—haps.

L. M. (Sheffield).—A spectator at billiards may call attention to an error in the score.

A. T. L. (London, W.C.).—We have noticed the same thing, and thought that perhaps the taxi-cab companies subsidise the police to regulate the traffic only when they have a large number of taxies buzzing away behind them. Certainly it is most annoying—and quite unnecessary—to have been pulled up six times at crossings between the Agricultural Hall and Waterloo Station as happened to you last week.

C. A. (Luton).—You must not believe statements about sport that you read in the paper you name. No sportsman would write for it; and no one but a sportsman can know enough about a sport to deal with it in print.

T. G. (Brighton).—A pinch of Epsom salts in half a tumbler of hot water before breakfast is the simplest preventative of gout attacks.

B. W. G. (Folkestone).—Wireless operating is rather a "blind alley" job, unless you get into the wireless branch of the Royal Navy, when you would have a chance of becoming lieutenant, R.N., with a retiring pension of £200 a year. Full particulars can be had on application to the Secretary, The Admiralty, S.W.

E. H. (Horsham).—"Shall I give up tea or tobacco?" you ask. The only answer must be: "Of two evils choose the one you like best." If both are really bad for your health, drop both.

G. C. (St. John's Wood).—Try and get diggings with a French family, and then talk French, blunders or no blunders. It's the best way to learn unless you can live in France.

O. T. (Lewisham).—A few newspapers spread between the blankets will keep you warm, if you find that on going to bed at a hotel that there is not sufficient clothing, and it is too late to disturb the chambermaid.

L. S. (Hoxton).—1. If the cock-spurs are of silver they may be worth two guineas; if of steel and marked with the maker's initials, perhaps half-a-sovereign. 2. There are some modern makers, but their names cannot be given here.

R. W. E. (Ipswich).—There is no book on beagling, but we hear one will appear shortly from the pen of a well-known writer on hunting subjects.

F. W. W. (Leicester).—Mr. Adrian D. Stoop, the famous English Rugby International, is a barrister by profession. We should certainly class him among the great half-backs of Rugby history.

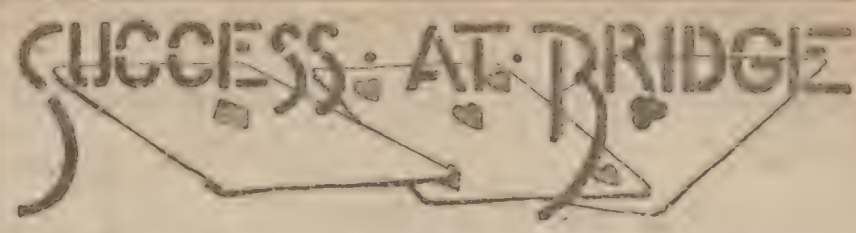
C. N. (Leytonstone).—Visitors' green fees to golf clubs range from 1s. to 5s. a day. An introduction by a member is not always necessary, but as a rule you must be a member of some recognised golf club.

"PUZZLED" (Manchester).—If a lady "cuts" you, it is rarely advisable to ask for an explanation.

G. R. (Bradford).—While your health is being proposed and honoured you must remain seated. If no ladies are present begin your reply: "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," but if the fair sex grace the festive board, then: "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen."

A. H. (Yarmouth).—A professional footballer may be dismissed at a fortnight's notice for incompetence or misconduct. He can appeal to the Football Asociation.

T. P. P. (Birmingham), **G. D.** (Toronto), **H. J.** (Weybridge), **A. W. B.** (Beeston), **W. G.** (Northampton), **A. P. S.** (Faversham), **T. B.** (Warrington), **R. F.** (Belfast).—Much obliged.



FOR THOSE WHO ALREADY KNOW THE GAME.

I assume that you are a beginner at bridge, but at least know how it is played.

I will now take each player in turn, and try to give you a few useful tips.

First, there is the dealer, whose business, of course, it is to make the declaration or leave it to his partner.

Declare "no trumps" when you have (a) four aces in your hand, (b) three aces and another court card, (c) two aces and a protected king and queen in other suits, (d) when you are reasonably certain of making five tricks in your own hand.

Declare hearts or diamonds, hearts, of course, being given preference, when you have six and one honour, five and two honours, or four all honours.

LEAVING IT TO YOUR PARTNER.

If you cannot make it no trumps, or hearts, or diamonds, leave it to your partner to declare, except when you want only two or three points for game. Then you should declare on clubs or spades, for even if you lose, it prevents your adversaries from making a big score, while with two points wanted, two tricks in spades are as good as six in "no trumps."

Supposing you are the dealer's partner, and he has "left it to you," you follow the general declaration, when already given. Only you must remember two things: first, as your partner has left it to you, you need not expect much help from him; and, next, your hand will be exposed.

Therefore you must be more cautious than if you were dealer, and, if you have not an absolutely sound declaration in no trumps, hearts, or diamonds, you should make it spades in preference to clubs unless you are very strong indeed in clubs.

THE SECOND PLAYER.

Now we come to the second player who leads. Your first lead depends on whether there are trumps or no trumps.

When "no trumps" has been declared, lead always from your *longest* suit. The only exception to this rule is when your partner has doubled on a "no trumper." His having done so means that he is very strong in one suit, so in this case you lead the lowest card of your weakest suit. As you are weak in this suit, it is quite probably his strong suit, and so you at once put him in, and give him a chance of winning the game in his own hand.

When there are trumps, you, of course, avoid leading them, and lead from your strongest plain suit.

Third hand has the advantage of seeing dummy's exposed hand before he is called upon to lead. Third hand's first rule is to avoid leading up to strength in dummy, but, subject to this rule, he should always return his partner's lead as soon as ever he can, and, generally speaking, he should not finesse against his partner.

In regard to general play, throughout the game the great principle for the dealer's adversaries is to lead through strength up to weakness.

DUMMY.

Dummy's hand being exposed, his strength and weakness are apparent, and so you lead accordingly.

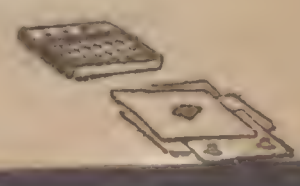
Suppose, for example, that dummy is on your left hand, and has ace and queen in clubs. If you lead a small club, you put him in an awkward position. If he puts on his ace, he may leave you with command of the suit, while if he puts on his queen, and your partner has the king, he may never have another chance of making his ace.

The discard is important. As a general rule, discard from your weakest suit, and always do so when it is a "no trumper."

Beware of "bottling up" trumps. Get them out if you are strong in them.

On the other hand, the secret of success in "no trumps" is to reserve your strength. When there are trumps you lead out the high cards of your strong suit or suits, for fear of their being trumped if you hold them up; but this cannot happen when there are no trumps, so it is advisable not at once to part with the command of your strong suits.

H. E. GUNTER.



RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

TAKING YOUR MEASUREMENTS.

HOW TO MAKE A SIMPLE FORM OF CHART.

Every student of Physical Culture should make out and keep a chart recording his measurements. This will show him at a glance what progress he is making, and will be an incentive to him to keep up his exercises with enthusiasm.

A good plan is to take a sheet of foolscap paper, and to rule it longways into sections. At the left side of each section write the name of the part of the body to be dealt with. Then draw downwards as many columns as the paper will conveniently hold. Head each column with a regular date, such as the last day of each week or the first day of each month.

If you take your measurements regularly and fill up this simple form of chart, placing each set of figures opposite the name of the part of the body concerned, you will have all the measurements underneath the date on which they were recorded, and you will see at a glance whether you have progressed or not since the last time when you took your measurements.

Once a month is sufficient in most cases, as it is not to be expected that there will be much perceptible improvement in a shorter time than this.

The measurements which ought to be recorded are the following: (1) Height; (2) weight; (3) chest, contracted; (4) chest, expanded; (5) waist; (6) upper arm; (7) fore-arm; (8) thigh; (9) calf; (10) neck.

It is most convenient if you can get a friend to take the measurements for you, but with care you can take them yourself.

The height is, perhaps, the most difficult to measure, and is best done as follows: Stand with your back upright against a wall, and place a ruler so that it just brushes the top of your head, and press it against the wall. Keeping the ruler in that position, stand away from the wall, mark the place with a pencil, and measure the distance to the floor.

In taking the measurements of the arms you may experience some slight difficulty as you have to work with one hand only, but you should be able to manage by using a fairly broad tape measure, which does not slip so readily as a narrow one.

If you do not possess a tape measure, you can work at a pinch with a piece of string, afterwards ascertaining the number of inches by laying the string along a foot rule.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

J. L. D. (Leith).—Long-distance walking is the best exercise for producing staying power.

O. L. R. (Northenden).—(1) I did not criticise your chest measurement last time you wrote, because I did not want to discourage you, but, as you insist on an opinion, a 34in. chest is well below the average. (2) Swimming is not detrimental to long-distance running.

"WEIGHTS" (Swindon).—Some of our best weight-lifters go in for long-distance cycling.

C. S. (Taplow).—In future wear a wrist strap when lifting weights; this is usually sufficient to prevent strain.

G. H. E. (Paisley).—The size of the wrist depends chiefly upon the size of the bone, and the development here can only be slight. Some men who have tremendous fore-arms have small wrists, because they are small-boned, their large

MY FLANCEE SAYS " I ADMIRE STRENGTH AND COULD ONLY RESPECT A MAN WHO IS HEALTHY & STRONG".
THANK GOODNESS, I HAVE STILL THREE MONTHS 'ERE I MARRY;
JUST TIME TO GET FIT & SYR-ONG WITH THE HELP OF- MAXICK & SALDO!
MAXICK
Dudley Buxton

Don't let go of this advertisement until you have mailed a card, bearing your name and address, to

MAXICK & SALDO,
Eton House, Eton Avenue, North Finchley, London, N.,

and you will receive by return, gratis and post free, our fascinating booklet (just off the press) which explains our unique and genuine methods.

FREE! COMPLETE COURSES of PHYSICAL CULTURE

To the first 1,000 applicants I will present a free Complete Course of "Psycho-Vibratory" Physical Culture. It is complete in itself, requires no apparatus, and yet will develop your strength and physique to a high degree of perfection. By my system you can increase Biceps and Calf 1 to 2 ins., Chest 1 to 3 ins., Height 1 to 2 ins., Weight 7lbs., &c., in one month.

MY FREE OFFER.—(1) A Complete Course of "Psycho-Vibratory" Physical Culture as explained above; (2) A copy of my latest book—"The Use and Abuse of Exercise"—published at 1s. All I ask you to do is to enclose 6d. Postal Order to help to defray cost of postage, packing, &c.

Apply NOW, the Free Courses may be all gone by to-morrow.

J. JACKSON ROBINSON,
Physical Culture Specialist (Dept. M6),
18, CHELTENHAM AVENUE, LIVERPOOL, S.

SMITH'S SCHOOL, SHEPHERD'S BUSH
(Next Empire Music Hall and Bush Hotel. Near Tube and Exhibition).
BOXING, JUJITSU, WRESTLING, WEIGHT-LIFTING, BALL-PUNCHING, CLUB-SWINGING, and all the best exercises taught privately, in classes, or clubs at moderate terms. SCIENTIFIC and CAREFUL TUITION given personally only by the famous **Professor VERNON SMITH,** trainer of Tarro Miake (Japanese Champion Jujitsu Wrestler), Raku Uyenishi (Instructor, Headquarters Gymnasium, Aldershot), Koch (Champion German Wrestler), and others too numerous to mention. Also Police, Territorials, &c.

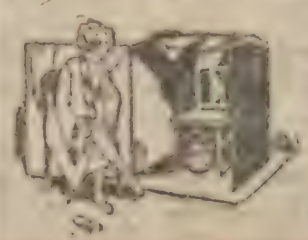
Call evenings (Thursdays excepted), or send stamped addressed envelope for illustrated book and terms. Outfits supplied at cost price.

Special Private Lessons, with or without residence, can be arranged at the Professor's private residence at Chiswick.

£4 TO £7 EARNED WEEKLY

BY MEN and WOMEN at HOME or TRAVELLING. Let Us Start You.

No experience needed. Our Agents made over £5,000 last two months, supplying the enormous demand for our famous "CENTURY THERMAL" BATH CABINET, and appointing Sub-Agents. Mr. Blake, of Wolverhampton, made £72 the first three months. Mr. Kitson, of Blackpool, made £31 the first month. Miss Elsie Cooper, £65 while teaching. J. W. Markham, clerk, £39 in six weeks. **EVERYBODY BUYS,** business men, families and physicians. WHY WORK FOR OTHERS? Be Your Own Master! Write for Agent's Proposition No. 556, and mention THE MODERN MAN.



CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, Ltd.
(Dept. 556), **205, Regent Street, London, W.**

muscles being not the gift of nature, but the result of systematic exercise.

T. N. (Wapping).—Better place yourself in the hands of a skilled chiropodist, for with corns you cannot expect to enjoy any active forms of athletics. You will find it more economical to make a bargain with the operator to charge so much for the removal of the corn rather than to pay for each visit.

R. T. (Dublin).—Your mistake was in taking part in a game of football without having had any proper preparation or training. You would have felt the same exhaustion and suffered equal fatigue after taking part in any other active game while your muscles were out of condition.

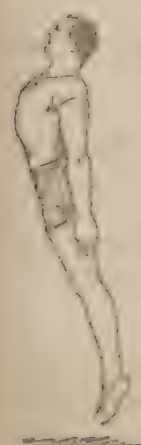
A. P. (Newcastle).—You must bring a little more resolution to bear, and force yourself to go through your exercises even though you do not feel inclined for them. You cannot expect much result from exercises that are practised only intermittently. Introduce a few of an active and interesting type, such as the one given this week, and this will help to maintain your interest.

A JUMPING EXERCISE.

TRY IT IN THE MORNING.

Stand at attention, with the hands by the sides, head erect, and chest well out.

Now jump forward and upward, as if you were clearing an obstacle about a foot high, and about two feet in front of you.



Correct position while off the ground.

Let your take off be from the toes, and when you are in the air keep the body perfectly stiff and straight, and the hands by the sides, as shown in the illustration.

Land on your toes, keeping the feet at the normal angle, and the knees well out, and bend the ankle, knee, and hip joints, so as to reduce the force of the impact. Even while the knees are bent, the body should be kept erect, and the hands close to the sides.

Immediately after landing straighten out the knees, so as to bring the body back to the position of attention.

This exercise may be repeated an indefinite number of times, as it does not place an undue strain upon any organ. The muscles it exercises are those of the ankles, calves, thighs, and back. It is a very good exercise to start the blood circulating freely, and will be found useful to those who suffer from a sluggish liver or from cold extremities in the morning.

A little practice will enable you to land so easily and so lightly that you will cause no disturbance when practising this exercise in an ordinary room.

"Consuetudine animus rursus te huc inducet"

The habit of taking Mustard regularly at meals is one that grows as its benefit in whetting the appetite and promoting digestion is realised. The young man who "looks for the Mustard pot" is laying the foundation of a good digestion for old age. Especially if he insists on

COLMAN'S

D.S.F. mustard

HIGH JUMPERS' METHODS

AN OLD REPTONIAN COMPARES THE DIFFERENT STYLES.

One would hardly imagine it, but high jumping is a sport in which a variety of methods is possible, and hardly any two men jump exactly in the same way, though there exists a sort of general national style in each country.

Watch an Irishman and a Scotsman, for instance, having a go at the high jump together. It is odds that their styles will be widely different. The Scotch and Irish, by the way, have the reputation of producing far better jumpers on the whole than England.

INDIVIDUAL STYLE.

This is probably because they give more attention to cultivating individual style, and generally adopt the sensible method of "getting over" without troubling whether the way in which they do it is the usually accepted one or not.

In the matter of the "run up," Scotch and Irish jumpers are specially diverse in their methods, some taking a long run and others a short one, while there is equal lack of unanimity in deciding whether the run shall be straight or from the side.

Ryan, the famous Tipperary athlete, who jumped 6ft. 4½in., had what may be called a natural style. He was a tall, finely-made chap, and he went straight at the bar like a bull. He cleared it with a bound; and, beyond that, there is little to say, except that he had the trick of shooting out his legs well in front of him.

Another Irishman, who, however, represented an American athletic club, and who may be said to be the inventor of the most widely used high-jumping style at the present day, was M. F. Sweeney. I am not writing from a book, but I believe that his record jump was 6ft. 5⅝in.

ACROBATIC JUMPING.

His method of jumping consisted of a straight trot to the bar, and, on clearing the latter, an inclination of the body so as to be almost parallel with the ground. At that moment he would raise his head and shoulders, twist his body downwards simultaneously, and drop to the ground at right angles with the bar. Previous to his day, the contortions which were necessary to jump in such a manner would have been simply ridiculed by authorities on jumping.

Strange as it may seem, M. J. Brooks used to clear the bar with his shoulders. His style was this. He simply got his legs over, and then, with a wonderful muscular effort of the shoulders, managed to raise his body while in the air, and dropped to the ground. It was this athlete who inaugurated the system which is known as the "American style" of the present day.

The first man who did it in England was W. Byrd Page, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, New York, who met G. W. Rowdon, a Devonshire athlete, for the English championship of 1887. On this occasion the two men made a tie, each jumping 6ft.; but Page afterwards did a jump of 6ft. 3¼in.

NOT ALLOWED BY THE A.A.A.

The Englisman, by the way, is said to have subsequently jumped 6ft. 5⅜in. at the Volunteer Sports at Haytor Camp, Devonshire; but the Amateur Athletic Association would not recognise the performance, on the ground, it is said, that the take-off was higher than the turf in which the posts were fixed.

It is interesting to note that both Page and Rowdon were small, slight men, who were enabled by their lightness to get several inches over their own height. This type of build is reputed to be the most suitable for high-jumping. The case of C. B. Fry, on the other hand, is not in keeping with this idea; for the famous old Repton boy is distinctly on the big-built, heavy side.

Rowdon's method of jumping, by the way, provided a marked contrast with that of his adversary Page. His "run up" was short, and so slow as to be almost a walk. Just on reaching the bar he gave a spring straight up into the air, shot his legs right out in front of him over the bar, and then, with a wriggle of his body, dropped straight down to the ground.

Observers who inspected his "pitches" afterwards, noted in almost every case that he came down very close indeed to the posts.

F. T. ROGERS.

GOING THROUGH IT.—*(Continued from page 398.)*

"I never meant to," cried Bert. "I swear I never meant to. . . . Dad,"—his voice broke in a sob—"you'll help me out. There need be no disgrace, if only you'll help me out. Don't let the girls and mother know—they'll hate me!" He made a quick, helpless, passionless gesture. "And there's Mary, who'll break her heart if she hears of this. I'm fond of her, dad—as fond of her as ever you were of mother before you married her. Say something. . . . Say you'll help me out. . . ."

He sat down on a couch, straining his hands over his face. The tears oozed through his fingers.

"You should a-thought o' these things before, Bert," said Mr. Matchlock, with no change in his expressionless voice. "You 'ad a good job, and Mr. Chaloner, as he says himself, would 'ave pushed you if you'd kept straight. . . . No lad could have 'ad a better 'ome than you've 'ad. . . . You preferred to go your own way, and this is what you've come to!"

"I know," sobbed Bert. "I know. But you won't let me go to the bad because of an early mistake like this? You'll help me out . . . you'll give me another chance. . . . I'll go abroad and make another start there, Dad," he said, looking up with a working face.

"What do you suggest I should do?" asked Mr. Matchlock.

"There was that money you were going to put into small-house property. It would more than cover—Oh, Dad," he said, rising suddenly to his feet in terror, "you won't let me go to prison? . . . You won't! You *can't!*"

"That money," said Mr. Matchlock, speaking carefully, "that money, Bert, was saved up for your mother's benefit—as a sort of little nest-egg, if anything 'appened to me. Now you want me to use it to pay the price of your tom-foolery. . . . I can't do it, Bert. I'm sorry—but I can't do it. . . ."

Bert rose staggeringly to his feet. His jaw dropped a little. He stared at his father in incredulous dismay. Then he wilted. He made a feeble little gesture, and gave way to blubbering. His father and Mr. Chaloner looked at him in silence.

"I don't think I care to stay any longer," said Mr. Chaloner at last, turning to look for his hat. "I'm grievously sorry for you, Mr. Matchlock—but you know my position. There are others to be considered in the firm——"

"And there are others to be considered in my house," said Mr. Matchlock firmly. "I sha'n't interfere, whatever you do."

Bert Matchlock looked up, and his tears ceased—dried by the fear which took all the colour from his face.

"You *mean*——?" he said, breathlessly.

"I mean you must go through it, Bert. Same as plenty of others ha' done. I'll see you to the door, Mr. Chaloner."

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.

A terrier that has been out in the cold for some time, but is now rapidly coming into high favour again, is the Bedlington or Rothbury terrier, as his name used to be long ago.

The Bedlington can be safely recommended, for he is as game as a pebble, very companionable, and of a nice even temper and disposition.

If you have never seen a Bedlington, he is an upstanding dog (for a terrier), measuring about 16 inches at the shoulder, and weighing from 22 to 24 lbs.

In colour he may be sandy, liver, sandy and tan, liver and tan, dark blue, blue and tan.

If he belongs to the blue and tan brigade, his nose should be black, but in the liver and sandy-coloured varieties, a "Dudley nose," that is, a flesh-coloured nose, is a good point for once in a way.

The Bedlington's head is highly characteristic. It is distinctly cone-shaped, and in some way suggests the head of a Dandie Dinmont, from whom, indeed, many think the Bedlington originally came as a cross.

The Bedlington's tail is another characteristic point. It should be scimitar-shaped, with a certain amount of "feather" on its lower face.

Bedlingtons, in addition to their virtues already mentioned, are hardy and cheap—at present, whatever they may become.

OUR GREAT RECOMMENDATION SCHEME: LAST WEEK.

CLOSING DATE: First Post, Monday Next, December 18th.

LIST OF AWARDS.

AWARDS 1 to 6.

Six Four-Guinea Overcoats,

made by that well-known firm, Messrs. J. & H. Ellis, 201, Strand, London.

AWARDS 13 to 18.

Six of the Mr. Edward Aston's Courses for Increase of Height and All-round Development.

AWARDS 25 to 60.

Three doz. "Laddiz" Caps,

made by Messrs. J. Holden & Co., 32, Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.

AWARDS 7 to 12.

Six Pairs of One-Guinea Riding Breeches

made by Messrs. C. & G. McKinley, 7, Gresham St., London, E.C.

AWARDS 19 to 24.

SIX TROUSER PRESSES,

made by Mr. H. Clipson, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

AWARDS 61 to 72.

These twelve readers will have awarded to them the services of THE NATIONAL TAILORING & REPAIRING CO., 144/146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W., to the value of 3/6 each.

Fuller particulars of these awards will be found in our issue of last week.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

On page 394 we print the fourth and last Recommendation Form in connection with our first scheme.

All you have to do is to recommend The Modern Man to someone who is not at present a buyer of it, and persuade him to purchase a copy. When he has done so, ask him to cut out the Recommendation Form and to give it to you.

In our last three issues there have been printed Recommendation Forms, which can also be used.

When your Recommendation Forms have been duly filled in fasten them securely together, and attach to them the Entry Form appearing on this page.

Write your name and address and the number of Recommendation Forms you are sending in the spaces provided for that purpose.

Post your forms in one batch, to reach us not later than the first post, Monday next, December 18th, and address your envelope to "Recommendation," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

The awards will be given to those who have done most work for the paper in recommending it to new buyers, the highest awards going to those sending us the largest number of Recommendation Forms filled in, the awards next highest in value going to those sending the next largest number of forms, and so on until all the awards have been distributed.

The names and addresses of those to whom the awards have been distributed will appear in our issue dated January 6 and published on January 4.

We desire it to be thoroughly understood that all these awards will duly be distributed amongst those who participate in this scheme, no matter how small may be the number of Recommendation Forms sent in by those who enter, but the more forms you send in the more likely are you to come out at the top of the list

No employee of The Modern Man, Ltd., and no one in any way connected with the paper will be eligible for any of these awards.

The Recommendation Forms sent by those readers who do not secure one of the awards will be carefully kept and added to their totals for our next scheme.

Cut here

ENTRY FORM.

I attach the Recommendation Forms which I have collected, numbering .....

and I enter for the awards in connection with this scheme on the understanding that the Editor's decision is final and binding in all respects.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Cut here

"If Gamage were my partner"

HOW THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HAS BROUGHT HIM TO SUCCESS CAN HELP OUR READERS THERE.

A. W. Gamage.

NOT so many years ago the man whose picture appears on this page was the proud proprietor of a half-share in a tiny little shop in Holborn with a frontage of not more than a few feet. Now that business occupies two huge blocks of buildings, and is being added to every day. And its owner has hundreds of other interests as well.

Moreover, this wonderful success is due to his own efforts. He has had no outside "influence" to help him on the road to success. His progress had been due to one thing and one thing only, to his business knowledge, the knowledge that tells one when to buy and how to sell, that shows the way out of difficulties and the best means of seizing opportunities.

What would it mean to you?

What would it not mean to you if you could have such a man with you every day in your work to help you in *your* difficulties, to show you the way to seize *your* opportunities? You must realise that it might mean just the difference between just the mediocre measure of success that attends most hard-working men and the *real* success that comes to the few. Only last week Andrew Carnegie, the great millionaire, told a reporter that "merely doing your duty is not sufficient. You must work with your head, and in addition to obeying orders *work out projects of your own.*"

Now, how are you to lay those projects, if you have no past experience to help you, or no substitute for it, such as you would have if only you could have a man like Gamage for your partner?

How can you have it?

Do you know that you *can* have Gamage for your partner, at least as far as the benefit of his advice is concerned? And not only Gamage, but also Sir Joseph Lyons, the famous restaurateur, and Richard Burbidge, managing director of Harrods' Stores; and S. F. Edge, the famous expert on making and selling motor cars, who started as a cycle racer; and James Murray Allison, who in six or seven years has reached the top of the tree in the advertising profession, and is now advertisement manager of *The Times;* and John Lawrie, managing director of William Whiteley, Ltd., who has only this last week or two seen his firm open the most wonderful business premises in England, if not in the world.

And the way you can get the benefit of these men's knowledge is by getting the Business Encyclopædia and by referring to it whenever a business difficulty faces you. Whatever your difficulty, however hard it seems, you will be able to solve it by the advice given in the Business Encyclopædia. For it is written by men who have solved similar difficulties themselves, including all those mentioned above, and many more besides, whose names will be sent free upon request.

Is it any wonder, then, that over 50,000 successful business men and great business firms are already using the work? Can there be any doubt that you will be better able to succeed if you also have it by your side to give you advice in your difficulties and to lend you confidence in your decisions?

A Book on Business Free.

In this column you will find a special coupon for readers of MODERN MAN, which entitles you to a free copy of an interesting book on business, that may set you on the right road to business success, just as it has set many others of your fellow readers. In itself, it is of considerable value to any business man, for it contains actual facsimile specimens, showing how to draw up important legal documents, such as wills, agreements, leases, indentures, etc., etc.

But—and this is its most vital point for you—it tells you also *all* about this great "Business Encyclopædia," the work that MODERN MAN describes as "probably the most valuable work that any business man could have." It is the only work that gives full and detailed information on all the problems that confront the business man during his work.

Whatever line of business you are in, whatever position you occupy in it, this work can prove invaluable to you if you will use it right. If you want to know about any point in book-keeping, the "Business Encyclopædia" will tell you. If you want to know about drawing up a balance-sheet, or a profit and loss account, you will find it here. If you want to know the law as it affects your own particular calling, if you want to know anything about manufacturing, if you want to learn all about loose leaf and card index systems, you can learn it here. You can learn, in fact, of any and every subject connected with business. Surely you realise the help this knowledge would mean.

It is only because 50,000 firms and business men are already using the work that we are able to offer to deliver it to any reader of MODERN MAN for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, the balance being paid in small monthly payments, while you are already using and benefiting by the work. But signing this coupon does not cost you anything.

A FREE BOOK.

This Coupon entitles you to one free copy of the book on Business Success, but it must be sent at once. It tells all about the work and the specially low terms to readers of MODERN MAN.

To the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,

52, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me one complimentary copy of the book on the "Business Encyclopædia." I am a reader of MODERN MAN.

Name.....

(Send this form or a postcard).

Address.....

.....

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

THE ART OF WINDOW-DRESSING.

BRAINS TELL IN THIS DEPARTMENT OF BUSINESS.

"I never engage a new assistant before putting him through a window-dressing test," said the head of a flourishing business firm to the writer. "I believe firmly that the man who can exhibit articles so that people *have* to look at them will, in the same way, use such persuasion to customers that they will *have* to buy them."

What, then, are the chief points in window-dressing? Chief of them, undoubtedly, is being up to date. Ideas—or, in other words, brains—count for more than half the battle.

For instance, a large West-End store has one window fitted out solely with a complete outfit of clothes for one man, each garment laid out in the order in which he will put it on. There are a morning suit, a cycling suit, an evening dress suit, and others, all arranged with the socks next to the boots, and so on. Naturally enough, this arrangement attracts many possible customers.

Maintaining the balance is another very important point. Say, for example, you were dressing a hardware window, and you put a tiny cream-jug in one corner and a water-jug and basin in the other, the result would be a lack of balance. Even those who didn't realise why would at any rate see that the window looked lopsided.

The clever window-dresser must be as topical in his ideas as the professional journalist. He must study the way the world is wagging, and act accordingly in setting forth his wares. That window-dresser who filled his window with bicycles during the recent railway strike was worth every penny of his salary.

On the other hand, an assistant was recently dismissed by a large firm for making too big a display of cricket-bats, and not a big enough one of footballs after the 1st of September.

Finally, the commonsense window-dresser gives the more prominent positions in the window to the smaller objects, little ones in front and big ones behind, so that the whole display seems to taper down easily towards you.

F. B. Dillon.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—Editor.)

THINGS IN GENERAL.

There has been very little doing during the week on the Stock Exchange, and it now looks as if there will be no great increase in dealings until the New Year, except, of course, in Americans, which have a playful habit of moving when least expected.

HOME RAILS.

This stock had a good spurt on the announcement of the meeting between the employers and the men; but most of the rise was soon lost, and as a speculative counter stock in this market was no good. Investors, however, need not worry on that score, as dividends for the year will be good, and prices must improve in consequence.

There is some talk of the Underground Income 6 per cent. Bonds being retired, which, if true, will give a handsome bonus to holders, as the price is now under £70 per £100 bond.

AMERICANS, COPPERS AND STEELS.

Americans are still a "bull" market, and will continue so until the big New York bankers have made the position strong enough to unload the surplus stock taken from Europe during the last few months.

The Copper position is improving weekly on both sides of the Atlantic, and the best informed in this section are buying Amalgamated.

Steels and Unions are also good stocks to operate in for the rise, even though Christmas is so near.

CANADIAN PACIFICS AND TRUNKS.

Canadian Pacifics still show a bold front, and the traffic for the week ending November 30 is exceedingly good, showing an increase of more than $400,000 over the same week last week.

Trunks also show an improvement in price, and in my opinion are an excellent purchase.

MEXICAN RAILS.

This stock has had a damper on the decrease of traffic for the week ending November 30, and operators in this market are very disappointed in consequence.

Under the circumstances, the Ordinary Stock seems quite high enough.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

I. H. (Lurgan).—As a lock-up, the shares you mention look promising.

P. D. (Limerick).—I think that with the turn of the year you will be able to get a better price, and advise you to hold.

O. C. (Heywood).—I do not like the concern, and advise you not to take the risk.

F. A. D. (Newport, Mon.).—The shares are to bearer; therefore no expense for transfer stamp and fee is incurred.

R. A. (Shipley).—(a) Quite good. (b) Speculative, but a fair risk. (c) No market in London; try Liverpool.

"PADDY" (Dublin).—Tape prices do not record actual dealings; they are only market quotations. For actual dealings, see Official List.

The Financial Editor.

OUR COLONIAL UNIVERSAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT.

Every Colonial reader should avail himself of the facilities offered by our Colonial Universal Supply Department.

We are prepared to buy and dispatch to any Colonial reader any article whatsoever that can be obtained in London, provided he sends with his order a sufficient sum to cover the cost.

Readers who are likely to have a number of small orders from time to time may, if they so desire, deposit sums of £5 and upwards with us, and a statement of the balance of their deposit will be sent to them each time goods are forwarded.

All goods are carefully packed and dispatched, but it must be understood that they are sent at the purchaser's risk. Where it is possible to register or insure goods in transit, this will be done, providing the purchaser instructs us to do so.

We charge ten per cent. of the value of the purchases to meet the expenses of this department.

All cheques, money orders, and postal orders must be made payable to The Modern Man, Ltd., and all communications regarding this department must be addressed to The Colonial Universal Supply Department, The Modern Man Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

SHORTHAND.

The famous **SLOAN-DUPLOYAN** "**NEW RAPID**" system knows a year's study, and leads to a minimum guaranteed speed of 80 words per minute in Four Weeks. Used daily by scores Official Parliamentary Reporters. Illustrated Handbook post free. Send for your copy to-day.

THE SHORTHAND ASSOCIATION,
Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE.

(42nd Edition.)

Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.

FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.
44, BANK STREET, MANCHESTER.

THE POSITIONS WE HAVE OPEN

are all Special Positions which Call for, and Pay for, Special Ability. Each Position affords an Opportunity for a man with Special Knowledge to realise his true value. They are all High-grade Positions in Technical, Clerical, Organising, and Travelling capacities, and the salaries they offer range from £150 to £1,000 a year. If you think that you can fill one of them—write us to-day, or call.

HAPGOODS Ltd. 167-168, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

HORACE'S HUMILIATION

A TALE OF THE TURF.

By ARTHUR BEETON.

Some minutes before, Horace had reigned in the eyes of the searchers after good things hanging over the rails of the saddling enclosure at Folkestone Steeplechases as a fount of knowledge.

He had the sensational young 'chaser of the season, Hangmyrags, in his charge, leading him round with Hangmyrags' number for the next race on his arm, and this was the day when Hangmyrags was to be slipped.

The trouble was that Horace had advertised the fact in a hoarse whisper to the clothes-line students of appearance.

Hangmyrags' trainer hoped for "ten's" to his money. He happened to be dressed like a gentleman that day—not as much as a check pair of breeches—and Horace, a little short-sighted, had told him also that Hangmyrags was "fairly hout on 'is own to-day, guv'nor."

"Are you perfectly sure of that?" the trainer asked, with the gentleness and serene calm which so often precedes a rhetorical eruption of volcanic intensity. "Young man, are you perfectly sure?"

"Sure as eggs," Horace replied, the gentleness of the inquirer's tone keeping him still in the dark as to the other's identity.

Then it was that the trainer's wrath unfolded its wings and soared up to heights of invective that even Horace would have believed impossible of attainment.

The mention of eggs gave him a good take-off, as it were, and he rose magnificently.

Eggs? Yes, there were such things, and they varied in quality according to the length of their prices. But there was only one quality and only one price that in the trainer's opinion could have anything in common with the discredited Horace.

The perceptive reader will observe that I have, after the manner of the best Parliamentary reporters, thrown these slight remarks into the third personal form. Moreover, I have only suggested the prelude, the speech itself being incapable of reproduction in any style of Parliamentary language at present known.

While it lasted, Horace was deriving more educational benefit from that homily than could have been crowded into a similar period by even the most ardent student of the latest catch-sevenpence-a-fortnight encyclopædia.

It ended abruptly, because the trainer, being for a moment at a loss for a qualifying attribute more graphically descriptive than its predecessors, seemed likely to fill the gap by resorting to physical violence, and Horace, having a fragment of discretion well hidden somewhere within him, retired.

All this, as I said, was some minutes before.

Now that the pot-hatted trainer's terse remarks were, after a period of brevity combined with effect, over, Horace was the least of all people on Folkestone racecourse, and when they had led Hangmyrags out to get another day of trying to go ahead despite an antagonistic intention on the part of his jockey, he tacked himself on to the young man of respectable appearance who had been given charge of the hot-stuff horse in his stead.

"You," said he. "You with your kid's face and your fourpenny rabbit appearance—what are yer? Kid yerself now, I suppose, that they'll be giving you some chance rides, and I s'pose you 'ave made up your mind to keep hentirely to the straight path, and never give away anything the stable is a-slippin'?

"Look at the way you tugged on the 'orse's mouth a leadin' of 'im round. Why you'll take a fiver off 'is value every time you 'angs on to a 'orse like that.

"And it's youngsters like you they trust vallyble race 'orses with!

"'Spose you think you're very 'andsome, eh? 'Spose you wished that they'd 'ave the Press photographers back so as you might appear in the picture of 'leading round Hangmyrags in the paddock at Folkestone.'

"Pride! Anyone can see ye're eaten up with pride—too proud, I dare say, just to tell a pal whether—er—whether, as I've rather spread the tip about, they're goin' to slip 'im to-day after all.

"You've got nothin' to say to me? No, I thought not. Well, look 'ere, 'ave you ever experienced the sensation of 'avin' your nose punched? You 'ave—well you'll 'ave a ditto repeato this aftern——.

"You 'ad it punched when you beat the runner-up for the stable-lads' championship at Newmarket? Yes; I knew that. That's why I hasked you the question. I was only tryin' to get a little hinside hinformation about what the knock-out blow, what that Mr. Mare objec's to, is really like.

"You must go now? Ho, really, well good afternoon. Don't 'urry back on my account."

"I won't," said the other.

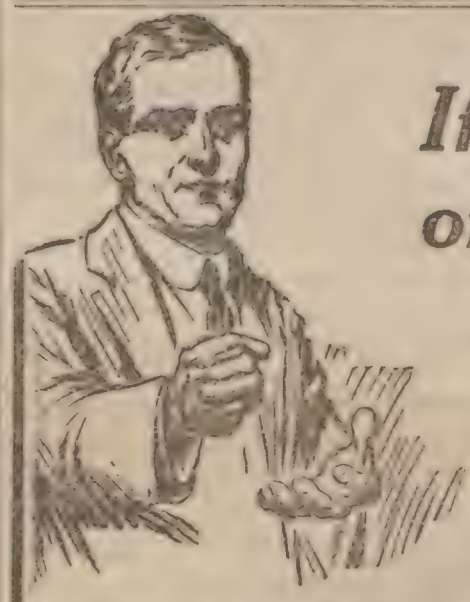
"Good-bye, duckie," said Horace, soothingly. "Take care of yourself, and don't catch cold."

He watched the elevated stable-lad stroll away.

Then he said in a fierce but very low voice:

"Gi'mme fourpence for a pair o' boots, a bob for a brace o' leggin's, and eighteenpence for an old mackintosh like yours, and, 'anged if I sha'n't look twice as ruddy *'andsome* as you."

Alas! the racing man has to search for crumbs of comfort on a thrice-Bisselled floor!



If you only knew

what the International Correspondence Schools have done in the course of a few months for men circumstanced like yourself, you wouldn't hesitate to enrol *now* so as to get the same advantages before another year is out!

A CASE IN POINT:—

"I wish to thank you for your efforts on my behalf and at the same time to say that this is the second time you have assisted me to a position. I have found the Schools spare no pains to obtain positions for their Students, and the repute in which the Schools are held is shown in the remarkably short time taken by them in securing positions for their Students."

(Signed) JOHN E. MORRISON, London, S.E.

Let us refer you to I.C.S. students in *your* district.

Let us send you further evidence, and details of the particular I.C.S. course to meet your needs.

Over 180 courses to select from. Convenient terms. Spare-time home study only needed.

Don't let this time next year find you at "the same old grind." Mark the coupon NOW.

"The way to Better Pay is the I.C.S. way"
—over 100,000 I.C.S. students affirm it *is* so.

"Better Position Coupon"

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.

Dept. 428/X, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify to enter, or to obtain a larger salary in, the occupation or profession **before** which I have marked X (or in the one stated here.....)

_Mechanical Engineering	_Architecture
_Electrical Engineering	_Analytical Chemistry
_Mining Engineering	_Book-keeping and Business Training
_Civil Engineering	_Modern Languages
_Marine Engineering	_Civil Service
_Aviation	_University and Professional Preliminary Exams.
_Motor	
_Machine Shop Practice	

Over 180 Courses in all.

Name.....

Address.....

TRICKS WITH A FOOTBALL

FUN IN THE DRESSING-ROOM BEFORE THE GAME.

There is, perhaps, no more light-hearted crowd of chaps than the members of an amateur football club when they are in the dressing-room getting ready for the afternoon's match.

There is always a certain amount of good-humoured banter, and not a little horseplay—the latter, however, well restrained in its boisterousness, for to crock a chap, even slightly, before the match would be serious. It is here that the man who can make the practice ball "do tricks" shines with a great glory among his fellows.

Some of these tricks come in useful in actual play, but most of them must be regarded purely as diversions, though they demand a great deal of skill and practice.

DRIBBLING ROUND A SIXPENCE.

"Dribble round a sixpence, Ginger," says somebody; and Ginger proceeds to do it.

He deposits a sixpence on the floor, places the leather within an inch or so of it, and makes the ball revolve gracefully round the coin. First of all, he makes the football revolve on its own axis by steady taps on it with one foot, while gently steadying it in position with the other. Then, when it is "spinning" well, he jerks himself after it round the sixpence, keeping the ball still spinning with alternate taps of both feet.

This trick, it may be made quite clear, is of no use whatever in actual football. It is simply an accomplishment, like that of the billiard-player who makes the ivories do all sorts of quaint things by spinning them between thumb and forefinger.

"Waltzing with the ball" is a trick which, like the preceding, looks well, but is enormously difficult to perform.

QUAINT FORM OF DANCING.

You stand with the ball between your feet, and start to waltz in such a way that you touch the ball ever so gently at each movement. Don't let it get out of hand—or ought I to say out of foot? If it does, you have to waltz after it and get it under your control again. If you hum a waltz-tune of some kind all the while, the trick will look all the more effective.

A trick, on the other hand, which is easier to perform is at the same time of considerable use in improving your game in more ways than one. I refer to the practice of heading the ball up against the wall. Try it, and you will find that you cannot keep it up more than four or five times. A great many professional footballers, however, could keep it up as long as you cared to count. They realise the accuracy of direction which such practice gives them, not to mention the added agility in dodging from side to side that they gain from it.

PLAYING WITH TWO FOOTBALLS.

Here is a difficult, though hardly useful, trick which some goalkeepers can do with two footballs. It consists of throwing one ball with the right hand at the wall and keeping it up, while simultaneously bouncing another one on the floor with the left hand. It is far easier to describe on paper than to put into actual practice, as anyone will realise who tries it.

Another feat that hardly ever fails to raise a laugh in the dressing-room is, perhaps, more of a contest than a trick, though it partakes in a way of the characteristics of both. One after the other, each member of the team tries how far he can hop on both feet with the ball held between his two ankles.

This is more difficult than it seems, and the man who can manage three hops at the first attempt without letting the ball get away from him will have done well. After a time, however, it becomes easier, and there are many men who can hop round and round a dressing-room time after time in the hardly graceful attitude in question; but this accomplishment, again, is one which is of little use in actual football.

W. Page.

FOOTBALL ECHOES.

RANDOM NOTES ON TEAMS AND PLAYERS.

Although they still head the League table, Newcastle United have been beaten—wonder of wonders—on their own ground. Their conquerors were Manchester United. Scoring ruled high, Manchester netting three times to Newcastle's twice. In connection with this match, by the way, let us hope there will be no repitition, on the part of either of the teams, of the obvious bad blood which prevailed during the second half of the game in question. I make no comparisons, for the fault was pretty equally divided on both sides.

Tottenham Hotspur got a welcome lift-up to fifth place (though only two points behind the leaders) in the First League table by beating Sheffield United at Bramall Lane, by 2—1. No goal was scored in the first half. The fact of the 'Spurs beating so strong a team as the United on the latter's own ground shows how keenly the Southern men played up.

Clapton Orient, at home, scored a win by 2—0 over Blackpool, a none too meritorious performance considering the Lancashire team's humble record of five wins, seven defeats, and two drawn games out of fourteen matches played.

On their own ground, the Orient ought to have bucked up their "goal-average" better than that.

The Southern League fixture between Queen's Park Rangers and Stoke, at Stoke, was productive of a disgraceful display of feeling on the part of the spectators, which resulted in the game being abandoned five minutes before time.

The Rangers were leading by 2—0, and some of the crowd encroached in a menacing manner on the field of play.

An exhibition of this kind is a distinct blot on the reputation of football spectators as true sportsmen; and let us hope it will not be repeated. The Rangers were obviously the better team, and the supporters of Stoke ought to have taken their gruel like men.

G. K.

FOOTBALL.

WHITE, FISHER & CO.,

THE WORLD'S PREMIER FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANTS,

BASLE, SWITZERLAND,

Beg to announce that the ENORMOUS ODDS of

2,000 to 1

HAVE BEEN LAID AND PAID on October 7.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS TO ONE SHILLING.

This fortunate client, Mr. Albert Hobden, 8, Guildford Street, Brighton, having predicted four scores successfully.

£1,000 will be paid to any Charity if not GENUINE.

Full particulars will be sent on receipt of a postcard.

Mention this paper, and we will send you a sample packet FREE OF COST of our famous FOOTBALL WHIFF CIGARETTES.

Letters should not bear postmark later than 2 p.m. Saturday.

EVERY MATCH TO CHOOSE FROM IN THE FOUR LEAGUES.

Lotinga's Weekly, on October 14th, says:—"White, Fisher, and Co., the world's premier Football Accountants, are undoubtedly one of the most up-to-date firms of modern times."

The Editor of the *Racing Judge*, October 7th, says: "A friend tells us that one of the sights of Basle, Switzerland, is the arrival of White, Fisher & Co.'s mail every Sunday."

Football Chat, November 22, says: "Established firms of repute such as Messrs. White, Fisher, and Co., conduct their business with a scrupulous fairness and impartiality that could well provide an object-lesson to many commercial houses."

THE SPORTING TIMES

Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un."

SMARTER AND MORE AMUSING THAN EVER.

Is Recognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport.

WRITE FOR FREE SPECIMEN COPY.

Published Every Friday,

At 97, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

SPORTING STORIES

NASTY FELLOW!

Cardross and Gallagher were talking at the street corner, when on the other side there passed the magnificent vision of Pailforth. Messrs. Cardross and Gallagher gazed at him with a certain amount of envy.

"What kind of a chap does he strike you as?" inquired Cardross.

"H'mph," said the other. "Got more money than sense, I should think.'

"My idea exactly!" chimed in Cardross. "By the way, has he any money?"

FIVE OF HIM FOR 1D.

In the little alley there rose sounds of wordy warfare, which seemed to carry with them hints that the warfare would soon take a more dangerous character. Master William Wapshot and Benjamin Bratt were arguing, as usual, about the stations in life of their respective fathers.

Then up spoke Master Bratt, with a light in his eyes which looked like triumph.

"Yore farver's no clawss compared wiv mine," he asserted. "W'y, my old man used to be a Bandmaster, 'e did!"

William Wapshot thought—then he smiled, a bright, a sneering smile.

"A Bandmaster, was 'e?" sniffed William. "What is 'e now, a Woodbine?"

AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT.

Miss Araminta Charity Chappell had bought a parrot. It was a very handsome bird, but it was not long before Miss Chappell discovered that the handsome bird was like very many handsome men. It was a wicked bird. It—it used words that it ought not to. It—it even called her names and told her to visit a warmer climate.

So she told her pastor about it, and he, kind as ever, offered to lend her his own parrot—a saintly bird, in the hope that it might teach the sinner better ways.

So Miss Chappell accepted the offer and placed the two cages side by side on her drawing-room table. It was then that an unfortunate incident occurred.

The bad parrot was even worse that morning, and he jumped about furiously on his perch. He stretched out his beak viciously at the lady.

"You're a—old——!!!" he screeched. "I hope you'll go to ——!"

And then the sanctified bird's gentle voice was heard.

"May heaven hear your prayers!" it murmured.

A GENT., ANYHOW.

The scene was a music-hall in a distinctly unsalubrious suburb, and the patrons of the gallery were in a right merry and boisterous humour. They stamped their feet on the boarded floor regardless of the feelings of their fellow-patrons just in front of and below them; and they were niggardly neither in their expressions of approval nor of displeasure.

But, alas! for Miss Flossie Fatte, Refined Comédienne, she did not meet with their favour. Her figure, once slim, had lost its grace (though there was still a lot of it), and her voice sounded like our cat trying to get in on a very frosty night. Furthermore, she was singing something dreary about being "Under the Old Chestnut Tree."

And the gallery booed, and hissed, and laughed. They kept on, and on, and on—all except one. He stood up and rebuked his fellow "gods."

"Stop it, cawn't yer?" he said. "Let the poor old cow alone! Cawn't yer see the poor, ugly, fat, old dog's wife is only tryin' to make a 'onest livin'?"

Gratefully Miss Flossie called out to him. "*Thank you, sir!*" she said, tears in her eyes and voice. "You're the only gentleman in the whole theatre!"

REMOVING AWKWARDNESS.

PRACTICE BRINGS GRACEFUL MOVEMENTS.

Awkwardness of movement is due to lack of education of the motor centres of the brain.

A large number of movements necessary for life are conducted by the brain in an entirely automatic manner, and without any dependence upon volition. Your heart beats, your lungs expand and contract, and the process of digestion proceeds without requiring any exertion of will power on your part.

Many classes of movements have become practically automatic through long practice, such, for example, as walking, but when a man attempts to perform some new movement, the motor centres of his brain, not having been educated in this direction, are unable to help him, and, therefore, his limbs are awkward.

Take, for example, the clumsy evolutions of a person who is learning to dance. With practice he masters the various steps, and his feet move in rhythm with the music without requiring definite attention on his part.

When one practises the many diverse movements that are to be found in all sports and games, one at length educates the motor centres of the brain in a general way, so that they move the limbs easily, and without thought on all occasions. Where this has been accomplished, we say that the person is possessed of graceful movements.

A man who can dance, run, ride, and swim well will get off a tram-car or step into a lift much more gracefully than will a man who knows none of these things.

It is much the same as the ability of a well-educated man to talk on any subject.

CLUB NEWS.

BIRMINGHAM.—A smoking concert will be held next Wednesday, December 13, at 8 p.m., at the headquarters of the MODERN MAN Club, 46, New Street, Birmingham (entrance, Needless Alley). No charge will be made, and all League members and readers will be heartily welcomed.

OUR "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

Those readers who have not yet sent for some of our amusing and highly artistic postcards should do so to-day. They are entirely free of charge. Send a stamped addressed envelope to "Nice Place," The MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and we shall forward you a supply at once.

"What's the matter, old man—indigestion?"

"No; this beastly pipe is stopped up again."

"Get an 'Unbay' pipe and your troubles will be a thing of the past."

We guarantee the "Unbay" Pipe to be the most natural, driest, and most satisfactory pipe ever invented.

Smoked and recommended by the Editor, leading Sportsmen, and the Medical Profession.

Testimony from a well-known West-End Physician and Surgeon:

DEAR SIR,—As I have now smoked the "Unbay" pipe for three months, I am in a position to confirm the many appreciations it has received as a smoking pipe.

I have never come across a pipe which collects so small a quantity of sediment. You will be surprised when I tell you I have not cleaned it since I started it.

To compare the "Unbay" with the ordinary pipe is like comparing a well-made Havana cigar to an ordinary cigar. In the former the smoke comes free and direct and you are able to enjoy it to the very end, whereas in an ordinary cigar the draught gets interrupted by accumulating moisture and sediment, and you throw it away after having smoked about two-thirds of it.

From a sanitary point of view I consider the pipe is a great advance on all former types, and I am delighted to be able to recommend it.—Yours faithfully, ——

Prices in Choice Briar Root 2/6, 3/6, 5/-, & 7/6.

If your Tobacconist cannot supply you, write, mentioning shape, to:—

THE UNBAY PIPE MANUFACTURING CO.,

Commerce House, Clerkenwell Road LONDON E.C.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

OLD-FASHIONED KNICKERBOCKERS.

The knickerbockers that one used to see about fifteen years ago are seldom to be met with in these days—I mean the baggy-bottomed kind that were quite as wide at the knees as they were at the hips.

They were entirely uncomfortable for walking in, because the cloth of one leg brushed against that of its neighbour at every step. They have now been ousted by the much more comfortable riding breeches, or by breeches made of ordinary tweed in the riding style, and yet these old-fashioned knickerbockers continue to figure in the pictures with which tailors decorate their catalogues.

I was discussing the matter with the cutter of a fashionable tailoring establishment, and I asked him whether by any chance he was ever required to make these hideous garments.

"The only people who ever want them," he said, "are aristocrats. They are the only ones who can afford to be unfashionable."

He put the matter in a nutshell, and there was certainly a considerable element of truth in his suggestion.

If you examine the photographs of a fashionable shooting party in any of the illustrated weeklies, you will find that a considerable number of the men are wearing these old-fashioned knickerbockers. They are not in search of comfort, but are deliberately seeking to be different from "the common herd."

Let them continue to be different, so long as they increase the gaiety of the world by also being funny.

SILK FACINGS.

The lapels of evening dress coats at the present time are entirely covered by silk; that is to say, the silk comes right to the edge of the lapels all the way up.

The collar of the coat remains, of course, of cloth.

Below the lapel the coat is finished with three dome-shaped buttons covered with silk, and these buttons are set slightly diagonally so as to emphasise the shape of the waist.

SHORTER JACKETS AGAIN.

I am sorry to say that the jackets of lounge suits for next spring are going to be considerably shorter than those now in vogue. My regret is due to the fact that the general masculine appearance will not be improved.

Extremely long lounge jackets look very bad, but those at present being worn, where the bottom edge of the coat comes just to the level of the fork, add grace to a man's appearance. If a man wants to look his smartest he puts on either a morning-coat or a frock-coat, both of which are long-bodied; this supports my argument that a fairly long lounge jacket is more becoming than a short one.

I advise you in this matter not to go strictly by the dictates of fashion, but to be guided by what suits you best; and if your preference is for maintaining the present length of the lounge jacket, stick to it.

CHAUFFEURS' VESTS.

I was shown the other day a kind of undervest which should appeal to those who have to face bad weather. It is simply an ordinary woollen vest, but cut double-breasted, and those I saw were not dearer than the usual single-breasted kind.

The shopman informed me that they had originally been invented for chauffeurs, but that they were now being sold largely to motor-cyclists, drivers, and others who had to face a strong and biting head wind.

A RARE COMBINATION

The finest Scotch and English materials, the most expert London cutters and tailors, and the best Bond Street styles. That is the great combination of goods, brains, skill and art that makes McKinley Tailoring supreme. Buy your Winter Overcoat or Suit from us and you will discover what clothes comfort really means. Also you will save money, for our prices compare most favourably with those of other firms.

OVERCOATS (to measure) - 25/- to 45/-
SUITS (to measure) - - 30/- to 50/-
BREECHES - - - 10/6 to 25/-

Carriage Paid. No Extras.

We return your money in full if you are not completely satisfied.

WRITE TO-DAY for our "Booklet MM." and our splendid range of Autumn and Winter Samples. They will be sent to you free together with copies of unsolicited testimonials from all parts of the world, Fashion Plates, Tape Measure, and the McKinley scientific Self-Measurement Chart which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor.

We guarantee perfection of Fit, Style, & Workmanship.

Write or call—

C. & G. McKINLEY, Tailoring Specialists,
Tailoring Dept., 7, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE CLOTHES HOSPITAL

is the **NATIONAL TAILORING AND REPAIRING CO.**, they have been established since 1900, and are the largest and leading REPAIRING TAILORS in the United Kingdom.

3/6 buys a NEW LIFE For that old SUIT or OVERCOAT 3/6

If your suit or overcoat is wrinkled or shabby from wear, send it to us with a Postal Order for 3s. 6d.
It will be CLEANED, REPAIRED, and TAILOR-PRESSED by our wonderful new process, and you will receive it within three days, looking like a brand new suit or overcoat.
Our work is not a dry-cleaning process. It is exclusively a tailoring service carried out by expert tailors.
You must see an old suit or overcoat after being treated by our unique method, the result will surprise you. We have no need to publish testimonials, although we are able to show you many hundreds.
Send us a trial order and let us convince you what we can do. Pack up your clothes, and in three days you will be glad that you have acted on our advice.
Carriage paid one way. Repairs and Alterations of every description.

The National Tailoring and Repairing Co.,
144-146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.
Telephone—North 260 (2 lines). Established 1900.

ELLIS—Artist in CLOTHES.

Twenty years of experience in fitting the most particular men; the most scrupulous care in studying the individual requirements of our customers; the very highest quality of materials—these are the factors that make our garments so distinctive in cut and style.

Our speciality is our

50/- OVERCOAT.

This garment we make in a wide range of materials, patterns of which will be sent if you cannot call. We guarantee a perfect fit, and return your money if you are not entirely satisfied.

J. & H. ELLIS, 20 & 21, Farringdon St., London, E.C.
(Near Ludgate Circus.)

When answering Advertisements, please mention "The Modern Man."

PATCH POCKETS.

Patch pockets are still being worn on overcoats, but I am not in favour of them. They are very convenient, but when they have been used for some time they bulge outwards and spoil the appearance of the coat.

Overcoat pockets should always be large and roomy, but they should go inside the garment. They should, of course, be cut in such a way that you can reach them from the inside of the coat as easily as you can from the outside.

The type of pocket I most favour is one which has a vertical opening on the outside and a horizontal one on the inside. This looks neat, and is always serviceable, as you can slip in papers and other things more easily than you could if the openings were vertical on both sides.

POCKETS IN FROCK OVERCOATS.

A correspondent asks me whether he ought to have pockets in the sides of his frock overcoat the same as he would have in an ordinary overcoat. He should not.

The pockets provided in a frock overcoat are in the inside of the breast and in the tails, but in none of these pockets should one carry anything bulky, for a frock overcoat is more or less a close-fitting garment, the set of which is spoilt by filling up the pockets.

This garment fits closely down to the waist, and any bulging out, such as would be caused by pockets in the skirt, would make that part of the figure stick out too much, and would therefore be unsightly.

UNSUITABLE SLIPS.

I saw a man in a restaurant the other day with a rough brown tweed suit and a white slip. His appearance was by no means pleasing, for white slips do not look well with what are generally called "coloured" suits.

They should be kept exclusively for black suits and those of navy blue and grey, being used with the last-named colour only where the cloth is of a fine texture and a smooth surface.

The art of good dressing is not a thing to be taught, as it is largely a matter of taste, and the man with the brown suit and the white slip was one of those people who must "have 'em all on."

He reminded one of the domestic servant who decorates herself with a lace collar on the top of a heavy tweed coat when she takes her Sunday afternoon outing.

Please do not think that I dislike vest-slips; they look very well indeed and smarten a suit up, but, like other things, they can be out of place.

BUTTONLESS OVERCOAT BELTS.

The other day while on a visit to Messrs. J. and H. Ellis I was shown an attractive new idea in the half-belts that are now generally worn at the back of heavy overcoats. The salient feature of the idea was to dispense altogether with the buttons which usually decorate this band.

It may be urged that, there being no buttons, the utility of the band is done away with, as there is no means of slackening it or tightening it; but when you come to think of it, one very seldom undoes the band at the back of the overcoat, and in most cases it is left buttoned exactly as it arrives from the tailor's. The buttonless form of band certainly looks very smart.

During my visit I examined the range of patterns in which Messrs. Ellis are making the 50s. overcoat which they are advertising in these columns, and I cannot speak too highly of the excellent quality of the cloth. Messrs. Ellis take particular pride in the fact that they only stock the best of all-wool materials.

SMART DRESS SUITS.

I recently had the pleasure of examining one of the dress suits made by Messrs. C. and G. McKinley at the very moderate price of three guineas.

In the making of dress suits, perhaps more than in any other form of tailoring, great skill is required, and also great attention to the individual peculiarities of the figure. This skill and attention customers of Messrs. McKinley may safely rely upon, and their methods of self-measurement make it a simple matter for country readers to secure a correct fit and to have an evening dress suit in the most approved London style.

CORRECT :: EVENING DRESS

There is no dress in which a man looks better than a Dress Suit, but the Dress Suit must be cut and made by experts, and be correct in every detail. We are specialists in this department, and our Dress Suits are being worn by some of the best-dressed men in England and the Colonies.

Our Dress Suits are fully equal to those for which many tailors charge 5 to 7 guineas, but **our price for**

HIGH-CLASS DRESS SUIT, SILK FACED, is — 3 gns.

Write for our Free Patterns and New Fashion Plates. We guarantee to fit you perfectly or refund your money in full.

C. & G. McKINLEY, Tailoring Specialists,
Tailoring Dept., 7, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

NO MORE BAGGY KNEES.

Price **5/9** Carriage paid.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease. **I Save you 50%.** Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome **Polished Oak, Plated Fittings.** Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pairs. **GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. 7 days' approval.** Money returned if not satisfied. *Send for Illustrated List Free.*

H. CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

TO PREVENT LOSS OF HAIR WEAR A VENTILATED CAP.

IT is very essential that your Cap should be ventilated as the confined heat in the Cap causes the hair to deteriorate. Better than all hair tonics is to wear a Laddiz Cap! The Laddiz is the only cap with a perfect device for ventilation, but in addition to this the patent spring cushion attached assures a perfect fit, at the same time relieving all pressure on the head.

Send for one of our Caps to-day! Sure to please! They are made of the best materials high class finish, in the latest shapes and colours. Prices, 2/6, 3/6, 4/6, post free. Send size and colour enclosing P.O.

J. HOLDEN, & CO., 32, FINSBURY SQ., LONDON, E.C.

THIS STYLE or THIS STYLE?

Here they are, the smart and the shabby, both happy, but WHAT a difference—do YOU wear an ill-fitting suit? Are YOUR clothes shabby and badly made? You pay the same in some shops for an ill-fitting, badly-made, always-hang-slack-suit, as you can get a well cut, always-holds-its-shape suit from Masters, Rye. Masters' make you a good suit to measure for 34/6, made to fit you—and if more convenient, you can pay for the

SUIT 5/- MONTHLY,

and have it to wear while paying for it, made of GOOD material, GOOD cut, GOOD linings, GOOD buttons, GOOD finish, everything GOOD—made to wear—made to last—and so tailored that it will keep in shape till the last day. Made in all latest shades Shadow Stripes, Blue Serge, &c. Our patterns are free. Write now and ask for them and our simple self-measure chart, all free. Our terms are easy, we ask only 5/- deposit before we despatch the suit to your address.

Write for our free patterns to-day. **Boots 13/6; 2/6 monthly.**

MASTERS, Ltd., 85, HOPE STORES, RYE, ENGLAND.

SHARES FOR OUR READERS.

25,501 Seven per Cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of 2s. each in

The Modern Man, Limited,

being the Remainder of the Unallotted Capital in this Company.

It is hoped that readers and League Members of THE MODERN MAN who have not yet acquired a holding in THE MODERN MAN, Limited, will take advantage of the present offer to become financially interested in this most popular paper for men.

As an inducement to you to become one of our partners, your Editor, the founder of THE MODERN MAN, most generously offers to present, free of charge, to each applicant, one of his £1 fully-paid Deferred full profit-sharing Shares with each £1 worth of Seven per Cent. 2s. Shares that may be allotted to you, *i.e.*, with every ten 2s. Shares you apply for, the founder of THE MODERN MAN will transfer to you one of his £1 fully-paid Deferred Shares.

When the Ordinary Shares have all been applied for, it will be impossible for us to allot any more, so we advise you to take immediate advantage of this offer before your chance is gone. If all the Shares have been allotted when you send in your application, your money will be returned to you in full.

Please fill in the form below for the number of Shares you require, and forward to the Secretary of the Company.

THE MODERN MAN, Limited.

Incorporated under the Companies' (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—I enclose herewith the sum of £ , being payment in full for 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of 2s. each in the above Company.

I request that you will allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number that may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed on April 21st, 1911, with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name upon the register of members in respect of the shares which may be allotted to me.

I make this application on the understanding that I shall receive, free of all cost, one fully paid £1 Deferred Share with each ten 2s. 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares allotted to me.

Name in full.....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

.....

Profession or Occupation.....

Usual Signature.....

Date.....1911.

All applications should be addressed to the Secretary, THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., 19, 21, & 23, Tudor St., London, E.C.

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors, THE MODERN MAN, LTD., by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. *Sole Agents for Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc.